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The Nation

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Vol. CXXII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1926 No. 3177

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Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

THAT THE BRITISH STRIKE ended as soon as it did continues a matter of genuine surprise. Who won and what? As to that, we admit, it is not easy to reply, so conflicting have been and are the news dispatches. The conventional opinion is that Baldwin achieved a wonderful victory, that government and civilization were upheld, that the strikers have been taught a useful lesson, and that there will be no general strike in England hereafter, if only because henceforth it will be made illegal. On the face of things Baldwin did win a great point in that he did nothing publicly until the general strike was called off—he had proclaimed from the beginning that he would not move until it was over. Underneath, however, he had given his word as a gentleman that the miners would practically achieve their aims if the strike were abandoned, if the trade unions promised never to employ such methods again, and if they admitted their action to be illegal. Evidently the situation of the unions was critical, for they accepted these harsh terms. We do not and cannot see why the strike was illegal or why the unions should be deprived of recourse to this weapon again if driven to it by such a combination of political stupidity and employer greed as brought on this crisis. But facts are facts. The unions knuckled under and the miners got these concessions which they could not have obtained without a strike: (1) Continuation of the coal subsidy for four weeks instead of two; (2) return to work at the old wages; (3) no wage reductions until the owners have made heavy sacrifices to put the industry on its feet; (4) protection from any attacks on wages, hours, pensions, or unions as a result of the defeat; (5) the promise of a coal dictator with power to enforce government terms upon both labor and capital. Of these points, 1, 2, 3, and 5 are important, and represent a tremendous success for the miners. Had Stanley Baldwin been willing to grant them before May 1, the needless strike would never have occurred.

DESPITE THIS FACT, despite the proof that Baldwin himself allowed the strike to come on by accepting the unauthorized action of the pressmen in the *Daily Mail* office as proof that labor had begun the war, the Prime Minister comes out of the strife in an extremely powerful position. John L. Balderston, the able correspondent of the New York *World*, declares that Baldwin "emerges from the conflict as a Colossus bestriding Britain, wielding power such as no Englishman has since the great Earl of Chatham, not even Lloyd George in the war." This is due to the fact, he says, "that Baldwin has brought about a peace without bitterness, one that narrows rather than widens the class gulf which a few days ago seemed unbridgeable." He is, all reports agree, now popular with all the people except the employers who sought to destroy the unions; the workingmen feel he saved them from having their bones picked after the disaster and no one seems to bemoan the fact—at least not publicly—that he has for the day at least killed the political power of the unions. Yet the moral issue has been won by unions and miners; the refusal of the miners to pay in reduced wages for the inefficiency of an industry which must now be reorganized or deservedly go to pieces has been upheld. That is a great gain. But the issue will never be settled aright until the government takes over the mines, wipes out the absurd royalties, operates the industry as a whole, and compels it to completest efficiency. Until the recommendations of the Sankey report of 1919 are accepted, we cannot believe that the situation in England will be definitely cured or that strikes will be avoided.

BRAVERY, SKILL, science, and luck cooperated in the Norge's marvelous trip over the top of the world in a way to thrill mankind and to realize the dream of centuries. The best part of it all is that the expedition was truly international in its character—an Italian-built ship, financed, as we understand it, chiefly by Americans, and manned by Scandinavians, Americans, and Italians. There was much glib talk about taking the unknown lands to be discovered this spring in the name of one country or another; the combination of nationalities on the Norge put an end to that, while Commander Byrd, whose daring and courage and skill we wrote of last week, fortunately saw no new land to claim. How can one emotionalize all this adequately in a world which talks across the ocean one day and a few months later beholds two visits to the North Pole within a week; getting the news (the New York *Times* under a North Pole date line!) by a method of communication for lack of which there died Sir John Frank-

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lin's men and those who perished with the Jeannette or starved under Greely! The wireless and the gasoline engine —these are the true conquerors of the North Pole, in the hands of men who have not only written their names imperishably into history but have told us once more the truth that there is no difference between nationalities when they set out in the generous rivalry of adventures into the unknown.

PILSUDSKI'S REVOLUTION in Poland came just in time to beat out a threatened monarchist revolution. For six weeks Poland had been betting whether the Left under Pilsudski or the Right under Dmowski would be ready to start its revolution first. In the chaos of Poland's political parties a constitutional government with a parliamentary majority behind it seemed impossible. When, after the negotiation of the Polish-Rumanian Treaty in mid-April, the Socialist ministers resigned from the Government, Premier Skrzynski simply carried on without a parliamentary majority. The Witos Cabinet, formed early in May, continued the same conservative leadership without bringing new parliamentary strength to the Government. Some kind of coup d'etat was inevitable. A Fascist group was forming, but Pilsudski, who has been a national hero ever since he stole Vilna and defied the League of Nations and all the world to put him out, acted first. His is a curiously mixed record. He has allied himself with the Socialists in internal affairs and sponsored the cause of the small peasants, but he has played the part of the jingo in international politics. Labor stood by him and assisted his revolution by general strikes in many cities; but his main support was the army. That is the danger—Poland's most pressing problem is financial, and Pilsudski has always opposed a reduction of the large Polish army, without which financial salvation for Poland seems impossible.

SO GERMANY must break into the news once more with a monarchist plot and a Cabinet crisis all her own; and Dr. Luther is out, with Dr. Marx in his place. To outsiders the fall of a Chancellor because of a flag incident seems a trivial thing, but the question of the new or old German flag is a thorny one, for it typifies allegiance to the old order or the new. Dr. Luther had done so well in stormy days, and especially at Locarno, that he deserved a better fate than to go down because of a single misstep. The change will, we believe, make little difference, since Hindenburg remains at the helm and assurances are given that a Reichstag majority will be found to enable Dr. Marx to hold on and go ahead with the foreign policy behind which all Germany ought to stand, since it spells peace, gives promise of an *entente cordiale* with France, and, perhaps, means a large role in the League of Nations. As for the nationalist plot, developments like this will be heard of from time to time, but they are not to be taken too seriously. Everybody knows that there are many foolish Germans who still write to their Emperor and are as loyal as any Jacobean in his day. But the republic, it seems to us, gets steadily stronger as the years pass. Probably its most serious danger comes from the pressure exerted by the terms of the Dawes Plan. If that means, as Mr. Keynes declares it does, a steady decrease in the scale of living of the German worker, there may again be stormy days ahead for the republic. At present economic reports are a little more encouraging.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE has revealed an extraordinary situation in regard to the Ward Baking Trust. Our readers will recall that we were none too happy over the consent decree dissolving the $2,000,000,000 Ward Food Products Corporation. While we were grateful to the Government for acting promptly, we expressed our doubts as to the efficiency of the decree itself. It now appears that by what seems to be governmental collusion the Continental Baking Corporation has been freed from prosecution by the Government and is, therefore, with its 106 bakeries producing a billion loaves a year, in a position to dominate the entire industry. Prior to the organization of the supertrust, of which the Continental itself was to have been the most important part, there were proceedings against the Continental before the Department of Justice and the Federal Trade Commission, both charging it with being a combination in restraint of trade. It now develops that under Section 13 of the consent decree the charge against the Continental was dismissed on the ground of the other proceeding before the Federal Trade Commission. But no sooner had the consent decree been signed than the reactionary majority of the Federal Trade Commission stopped its hearings and dismissed the complaint before it. Plainly, as Senator La Follette points out, somebody tricked the judge who signed the decree. So good a lawyer as Samuel Untermyer declares there is no question of the guilt of the Continental. We earnestly hope, therefore, that Senator La Follette's motion for a complete investigation of the trust by a Senate committee will prevail.

THE MOVEMENT to outlaw war has reached the United States Senate in the form of a constitutional amendment drawn by the Women's Peace Union and proposed by Senator Lynn J. Frazier of North Dakota. The amendment declares that

> War for any purpose shall be illegal, and neither the United States nor any State, Territory, association, or person subject to its jurisdiction shall prepare for, declare, engage in, or carry on war or other armed conflict, expedition, invasion, or undertaking within or without the United States, nor shall any funds be raised, appropriated, or expended for such purpose.

It is highly improbable, of course, that Congress will pass the proposed amendment on to the States for action either by their legislatures or by special conventions. Still the measure is excellent as a means of agitating and educating in the cause of peace. If the issue can be kept alive until it attracts popular attention, perhaps eventually this country will at least follow the courageous example of Denmark, whose Parliament is seriously considering a bill abolishing the Danish army and navy except for a minimum force of frontier and customs guards and vessels for coast patrol.

THE CARNEGIE ENDOWMENT for International Peace continues to show the world how money should not be spent for that cause. The endowment and the Academy of Political Science held a costly conference early in May at Briarcliff Manor, New York, without a single outstanding anti-militarist, or devotee of peace at all costs, or champion of Mexican or Chinese rights. While the world was seething with labor revolt, in a week that saw the British general strike and the revolution in Poland, the conference was immunized against any representatives of labor or radicalism. A Filipino lawyer spoke who opposed in-

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dependence for his people on the ground that Japan would seize the islands for their iron, coal, and rubber the moment our Government withdrew. His statement was featured in the press. The chief session on disarmament consisted of speeches against disarmament by generals and admirals. Clever, polite witticisms were spoken in restrained voices. There were pleasant afternoon rounds of golf, tennis, and riding. Aside from the refreshing cynicism of two or three of the younger professors, the conference was completely sterile. The trouble with such conferences is that the men who get them up do not want peace badly enough. They love peace but they love economic security and established position more. The conference closed with an address by Nicholas Murray Butler. The world is still safe for patriotism.

ALMOST EXACTLY SIX YEARS after their arrest, charged with the murder of a paymaster and his guard in South Braintree, Massachusetts, Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti have had what is possibly the last door to freedom closed against them by the Supreme Court of the State. They were arrested in the day of the "red" raids of Attorney General Palmer and the intense anti-alien agitation that followed the World War; their trial had every appearance of a political rather than a judicial proceeding; their plea for a new trial seemed amply warranted. That it was refused by the trial judge was not surprising, as the plea was in part a criticism of the judge; but it is discouraging to find his ruling now upheld by the State's highest court. We are not able to study in detail the evidence presented at most trials, but we examined the testimony against Sacco and Vanzetti with care and do not believe that it would be convincing to any jury today. We have, therefore, continually demanded for these men not freedom but, in the barest fairness, a new trial. It is reported that the Massachusetts Supreme Court is to be asked to hear a reargument. It certainly ought to. We do not know what legal principles may have guided the judges to the decision just made, but there is something awry in a system of justice which provides countless loopholes for obvious scoundrels and then refuses to give Sacco and Vanzetti a second chance before a jury.

FLORIDA HAS SET a record in lynchings, with two Negroes put to death by mobs in three days. The first of these, Parker Watson, had been arrested for alleged burglaries, and before being shot was burned with acid to make him disclose the hiding-place of stolen goods. Henry Patterson was shot and hanged two days later for an alleged attack on a white woman. The police have since revealed that the woman afterward told her friends the Negro had not attacked her, but that she had been frightened by his presence in the house. Investigations are pending by a grand jury in the former case and by the Sheriff in the latter. The president of the State Chamber of Commerce, Herman Dann, announced a request to Governor Martin for a complete investigation, and added that the State of Florida could ill afford to have such a stain as that caused by the slaying of the Negro at this time when the eyes of the nation were on the State. Is the conclusion to be drawn that Florida could afford the killing of admittedly innocent men, and of men not convicted of guilt, if the State did not happen to be in the throes of a collapsing real-estate boom? Of such is our civilization!

WE HAVE HAD a good deal to say in regard to the attack upon the *American Mercury* because of the article Hatrack in the April issue. It has seemed to us an outrage, and a highly dangerous precedent, that it should be possible to injure in this way a high-class magazine which would not even be considered by the average person looking for the prurient or the vulgar, when hundreds of obvious appeals in that direction go unnoticed. The proceedings in Boston were apparently a case of petty spite and were eventually settled in favor of the *American Mercury*. It was not so easy to understand the action of the Post Office Department in barring the April issue from the mails—long after it had been distributed. Hence we rejoice that this act either of stupidity or malice has been overruled by an injunction granted by Judge Julian W. Mack in the United States courts.

NEW YORK CITY has a wise cadi. Magistrate Gordon has dismissed the charge of indecency against an actress who posed with practically nothing on. He saw the performance for himself, and this is the language of his decision:

> The law does not define lewdness or indecency. That must depend upon the setting, the scenic portrayal, and in large measure upon the customs and modes of the community. In the present case the whole effect is not unlike what may be seen in paint, marble, or bronze in nearly every art gallery. While a prurient court might be shocked, I am inclined to hold that present-day standards do not reasonably permit condemnation.

This is indubitably sound. Had the judge found that the whole show was given over to vulgar nude displays, he would undoubtedly have censured and punished instead of discharging the prisoner. It is the intent which must largely count. Take the so-called "art magazines." They are of no value so far as their text is concerned and, as one judge has said of them, there would be no demand whatever for them were they not displaying naked females.

HOW OUR PERSONAL HISTORIANS of recent political events do recall the facts! We are prompted to this expression of wonder by David F. Houston's relating that the third time he met Woodrow Wilson was at a dinner party at Colonel House's about the middle of February, 1912, when, he says, Mr. Wilson had just come from that famous meeting at which he had thrown Colonel Harvey into the discard. Curiously enough, the fact is that Wilson discarded Harvey in 1911 and by the date fixed by Mr. Houston all of the Wilson and Harvey correspondence had been printed in the New York *Evening Post* and even the Watterson excitement was at an end. Then there is Colonel House. His editor, Professor Seymour, states that even as a young man Colonel House "was intoxicated by a passion for politics and public affairs" and dwells repeatedly upon his extraordinary political knowledge. Yet in a letter written by Colonel House from London, July 31, 1912, to Mr. Wilson, he said: "Blaine was elected as surely as you are, but five days before the people could confirm it at the ballot-box he made his famous 'Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion' speech and Cleveland won by the narrow margin of 1,100 votes." Thus is James G. Blaine made to bear the burden of the Rev. Samuel D. Burchard's famous speech seven days before Blaine's defeat. There is much consolation for the poor hard-driven editor when great minds writing at leisure can stumble like this.

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The Housing of the Future

GOVERNOR SMITH has signed the housing bill for New York State. It is not the bill he advocated in the beginning; it has been rewritten and in part devitalized by the Republicans, but it remains as perhaps the most far-sighted piece of housing legislation so far undertaken in the republic. Under its provisions the Commission of Housing and Regional Planning dissolves, its functions being taken over by the new State Housing Board.

It is altogether fitting at this time to lay a wreath at the feet of the expiring Commission of Housing. For six years, in one form or another, in season and out, it has battled for adequate housing for the average man in New York State, and particularly in New York City. It has fought to maintain the emergency rent laws which have much reduced profiteering since their enactment. The benches of its hearing-rooms have been crowded with grateful tenantry. But even more important has been its steadfast desire to lay down the principles for a permanent housing program; for a plan which would make emergencies and profiteering and slum-dwelling and overcrowding more difficult if not impossible in the future. The bill which the Governor has just signed marks a substantial beginning toward such permanent relief, and the commission, on its way to Olympus, can look down and see that its six years have not been spent in vain.

For it has established two principles of the first importance—not only for New York State but wherever political democracy is in force and faced with a housing problem. First, it has never submitted a report, or made a recommendation, without the most unremitting preliminary fact-finding. It has never gone off half-cocked; it has never tempered its conclusions to political or class considerations. It has not yearned over the poor, nor mingled its tears with the bankrupt promoter. It has found the basic facts of the housing situation; made these facts public; based its conclusions upon them; recommended legislation by virtue of them. By means of block surveys, questionnaires, hearings, and statistical research it has determined among other things:

1. Commercial enterprise in New York City cannot build adequate apartments today to rent for less than $12.50 per room per month. The average family in the tenement districts cannot afford to pay more than $7 per room. This discrepancy is so great that any program adequately to house these people must turn its back on unaided private enterprise.

2. Housing was inadequate before the war. During the war house construction collapsed while population increased. With the building revival in 1922 the bulk of the apartments which were built were for the well-to-do. In 1924 85,000 new apartments were built in New York City. But 50,000 of them rented for $15 or more a room, thus utterly beyond the rent-paying ability of two-thirds of the population.

3. Commercial enterprise is paying an average of 9 per cent for its funds. Interest charges are one-half the cost of current building maintenance.

4. Such new tenement housing as is carried on is a straight speculative enterprise. The building is built as cheaply as possible, but with plenty of varnish. The jerry builder fills it on the strength of the varnish. With a full rent roll, he sells it at the peak of the market and lets the next speculator worry about the ever-increasing repairs due to flimsy initial construction. The next speculator avoids worry by not making any repairs.

The logic and inevitability of such facts as these have led the commission to its second far-reaching principle. In congested urban areas there is no way of providing adequate shelter for human beings without government help. Such help involves not only the use of State credit or other ways and means to keep down the cost of financing new construction but, equally important, a regional plan to determine where the new construction can most advantageously be located. Which throws into bold relief the whole question of the rambling, incoherent, hit-and-miss, incredibly wasteful growth of our cities to date. In them all growth has been animated by the principle of maximum price per front foot.

The surprising thing—the thing which reflects so greatly to the credit of the commission—is that this point of view has been put across; the newspapers have accepted it; it has penetrated even into the heads of legislators. Because of the sound educational work which the commission has done, because of the integrity of its facts, the Republicans did not dare to throw out the Governor's housing bill; they did not even dare to emasculate it very much. They accept the principles of continuous fact-finding; of regional planning; of limited-dividend financing; of State aid and State direction.

Only those with an incurable gift for dialectics will see this development in the pure terms of socialism versus individualism. In the upkeep of highways, schools, water systems, waste disposal, the logic of the concrete situation has forced common agreement to the fact that such things are best handled by the government; just as it is commonly agreed that the manufacture of perfumes and motor cars had best be left in private hands. It is not a question of one sovereign principle, *socialism*, against another sovereign principle, *individualism*. Life is not lived in such simple terms. It is a question of specific methods to handle a given situation at a given time. About the year 1915 the individualistic method for housing people in New York City, and to a lesser degree in the State, broke down. In its 1920 report, after extended quantitative surveys, the commission (then a subcommittee of the Reconstruction Commission) discovered this fact, pointed out the impossibilities of reviving private initiative in the premises, and called for a constructive program to fit the facts. The bill which the Governor has signed is the first formal recognition of that call.

Let us hope that it marks a real step in the program which those three astonishing realists—Alfred E. Smith, Clarence S. Stein, and Sullivan Jones—have outlined so intelligently and fought for so single-heartedly. They and their coworkers have opened the door of the pig pen. It remains to be seen if we have sense enough to walk out.

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The Essence of Britain's Strike

THE industrial revolution is founded on coal. Nowhere is this axiom more pointed than in Great Britain. Yet for all its importance industrially and culturally, the coal mines of England have been horribly abused, and the miners who work them—and thus stand at the base of the whole industrial pyramid—are desperately poor and desperately miserable men. For fifteen years the business of mining coal has been in a turmoil. There was a national coal strike in 1912, a partial strike in 1920, a long-drawn-out and disastrous stoppage in 1921. A great strike was only averted in 1925 by the grant of a government subsidy, and then came the general strike involving 5,000,000 workers in all manner of industries, but still about coal.

What, basically, is the matter? The matter, basically, is that private ownership and operation of coal mines in England have broken down. The duplication and waste keep wages at a starvation level, output per man at a ridiculously low figure, and even profits on a very uncertain basis of return. All this was brought out with the greatest precision and detail in the so-called Sankey report of 1919. During the war the Government in effect operated the mines, brought about a certain unity of control, and kept trouble at a minimum. After the war, with the threat of the industry going back under free competition, the miners began to become uneasy, and the famous commission presided over by Justice Sankey was appointed. Its examination was an extraordinarily thorough one. Sir Richard Redmayne, Chief Inspector of Mines, concluded his testimony with these words:

> The present system of individual ownership of collieries is extravagant and wasteful. That is a somewhat daring statement, but I am prepared to stand by it, whether viewed from the standpoint of the industry as a whole or from the national point of view, and I think, by thoughtful persons on both sides, both the owners and workmen, that it is generally accepted.

Sir Richard points out duplication of shafts, duplicate buying, inadequate drainage due to small workings, inadequate equipment, shortage of mechanical power, "skimming the cream" of the rich seams, and failure to utilize by-products. There were, he said, 3,129 coal mines owned by 1,800 different companies or proprietors. Some 4,000,000,000 tons of coal has to be left in the ground to form barriers between these private holdings. "Much of this coal would be recoverable under a system of collective working of the collieries."

In this chaos wages were of course low. The average earnings of all mine workers for the five years prior to the war amounted to £82 a year—about $400. During the war wages rose 106 per cent, cost of living 115 per cent, mine profits 300 per cent. It takes over 1,000,000 miners to produce the 300,000,000 tons which is England's yearly output. In America 700,000 soft-coal miners dig not far from 500,000,000 tons a year. The ratio is thus roughly 300 tons per man per year in England, and 700 tons per man per year in the United States. While the deeper pits in England would require more men per ton in any event, it is obvious that, even from the highly dubious standard of efficiency in American soft-coal mines, the English mines are grossly overmanned and inefficient. The facts of Redmayne and the others were all-conclusive not only to Justice Sankey but to the country at large. Only the die-hards refused to see the point. The commission recommended a small increase in wages, a *decrease* in hours (to help the excess man-power load), and collective operation of the mines through nationalization. And ever since the battle-cry of the miners has been for nationalization, even though it means the probable dropping of a quarter of a million men from the industry, due to the elimination of duplication and lost motion. And ever since, the Government, animated by the die-hards, has sought, in the face of facts produced by one investigating commission after another, to avert nationalization.

It is of course natural that nationalization should not be adopted without hesitation and delay. It involves a very drastic overturn in national thinking and in national behavior. But the facts point to no other way out. Justice Sankey saw no other way out. Many mine owners themselves see no other alternative. The health of the coal industry, and with it the health of British industrial life, turns on the question of the elimination of waste through collective rather than individualistic operation of the mines. The labor movement is thus the better realist in the premises. It is more willing to face the facts, even if it does throw a quarter of a million miners out of a job In this sense, the general strike, instead of being a revolutionary attack on the Government, was one of the most profoundly patriotic moves ever made by the British people. It was directed to conserving the health and efficiency of the basic factor in modern industry—the coal supply.

The New Copyright Bills

FAR-REACHING changes in the legal position of authors and composers—both American and foreign—not to mention publishers, artists, printers, sculptors, photographers, radio-broadcasting stations, and manufacturers of phonograph records, will result from the passage of either of two bills now in the hands of the House Committee on Patents. The bills which give promise of ending the present anomalous position of American copyright are the Perkins bill (H. R. 5841), a second draft of which was introduced by Representative Randolph Perkins of New Jersey last December, and the Vestal bill (H. R. 10434), which was introduced by Representative Albert H. Vestal of Indiana last March.

Both the Perkins and Vestal bills make two important changes in American copyright law. They extend the author's control of his literary property throughout his lifetime and give his heirs control for fifty years after his death. This is a tremendous advance on the present law, which grants copyright for a bare twenty-eight years, with the privilege of renewal for the same length of time. Beyond that neither the author nor his heirs have at present any protection. In twenty-eight or at most fifty-six years the labor of his brain becomes anybody's property—if anybody wants it.

The new laws not only increase the author's protection; they also make it easier to get. Taking out a copyright under the present law involves more or less formality—not burdensome by any means but fairly complex. The new

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laws provide for "automatic" copyright without "any conditions or formalities whatever." They are specifically designed to bring the United States into the International Copyright Union, under the convention signed at Bern in 1887. A copyright taken out in any country belonging to the union would then instantly become valid in the United States; and the rights thus granted are carefully defined to include the stage, the screen, and the radio.

A serious objection to the Vestal bill is its requirement that the American reader must buy his foreign books exclusively through the holder of the American copyright. Designed by the framers of the bill to protect a publisher who has invested his money in the purchase of American rights, this will have a less desirable result, which was apparently not foreseen. As every book buyer is painfully aware, the American publisher is already sufficiently protected by the existing duties, which bring the prices of English books to the American level. As for books in foreign languages, the American translator is adequately protected by the stubborn refusal of all hundred-percenters to read or speak any language but their own. The Vestal bill, therefore, simply adds one more handicap to free intellectual intercourse between nations—handicaps which, heaven knows! are heavy enough already. Because of this provision librarians, scientists, and scholars—in short, the buying public to whom books are vital—tend to line up behind the Perkins bill, which provides no such restriction. The Vestal bill is receiving its chief support from authors, publishers, and labor unions interested in the book trade.

With this and one other exception the Vestal bill in the main follows the provisions of the Perkins bill, which was drafted by Thorval Solberg, Register of Copyrights. Coming from this technically skilled and disinterested source, the original bill had the advantages of impartiality. It favored none of the interests affected—of which there are thirty-four groups. Labor originally objected to the Perkins bill because it eliminated a requirement of the law now in force which directly affected their livelihood. This clause provides that books and periodicals in the English language cannot receive American copyright unless they are printed in this country. The Vestal bill contained this proviso which is all-important to the printing and book-binding trades.

The chief advantage of the new legislation will be the increased protection it affords to foreign authors and the settlement of the copyright questions raised by the enormous development of the phonograph and radio. The rights thus established are often of great importance to the composer. Ethelbert Nevin's widow, for example, received a single voluntary payment of $15,000 from the Victor Company for its use of one song, "Mighty Lak' a Rose."

While it is highly important that both authors and composers should be given all possible protection in their professions—which are certainly extra-hazardous—the new law ought not to be made so stringent as to interfere with the right of legitimate, and if necessary extended, quotation, which is not incompatible with protection to the author, especially since quotation usually benefits rather than injures the writer or the journal quoted. Obviously, an article in a foreign newspaper may have great momentary importance which totally vanishes if it is necessary to spend weeks securing the right to reproduce it. Free quotation is necessary to mutual comprehension among the nations. And the modern world needs nothing quite so much as that its opposite ends should understand each other's thoughts.

The Writer's Dilemma

THERE is probably no country in the world where the writing of a book confers as much distinction as it does in America. The very fact that we have not, until recently at least, been a conspicuously literary people increases the respect in which the writer is held.

Not only is the author sought after socially; there are half a dozen quasi-literary professions into which he will be eagerly welcomed if he has managed to get a few written things bought and paid for. Editorial offices will employ him to edit copy, publishers will accept him as adviser, advertising agencies will welcome him as a most valuable recruit, and, if he happen to have had a reasonable amount of formal education, colleges will bid for him as a teacher. Yet flattering as this is to the man who has probably lived in precarious poverty to write his book, it has its dangers. The way to a comparatively easy and pleasant livelihood is opened up to him, but the livelihood carries as a condition the necessity of abandoning an undivided effort to write the things which he most wants to write.

There seems, indeed, to exist in America a positive conspiracy to seduce the writer from his task. No sooner has he won some little fame as the author of a book which took him perhaps three years to write and which earned him possibly $3,000 than there come to him from every side flattering offers—not to write another book in return for a sum which would enable him to live while doing so, but to perform any one of a great variety of other services which would distract his attention from the one thing which he has demonstrated his ability to do. His publishers, it is true, are eager to have him repeat his success, and respectable literary magazines will pay him $50 for an article which it will take him two weeks to write, but only by doing something else can he secure a real livelihood. Women's clubs, of whose members not one out of a hundred will buy his books, will gladly pay him $100 for three-quarters of an hour of rambling talk upon some subject which does not greatly interest him; colleges will pay him at least a living wage if he will stop writing in order to teach others. But though it is as a writer that he is admired, no one will pay him to write.

Probably this more than anything else accounts for the fact that America is full of once promising young men who did not fulfil their promise. What has become of A and B and C and D of whom so much was expected? A is a professor, B is a publisher's assistant, C is a subeditor, and D has become a national platform delight. Perhaps they merely succumbed to the lure of greater financial rewards, for in America writers who do not write can grow almost rich; perhaps it was a literal necessity which made them abandon their task, but one and all they are victims of the fact that authors are much in demand—for everything else except authorship. In Europe a writer must write or starve or both; in America he may have his bungalow and his Ford; and though ours is the less cruel system, it is also, perhaps, the less favorable to letters.

The best of any good writer is in his books, not in his editing, his teaching, or his talking. It would be better if his work were thought more valuable than it is either here or elsewhere; but failing that, it would be well if he were less sought after for other things.

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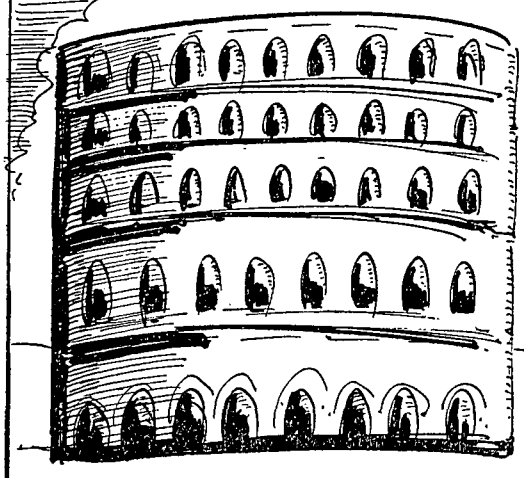
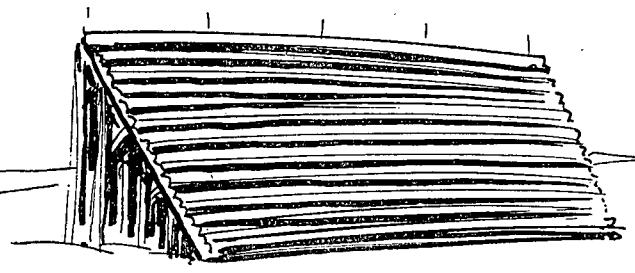
The Universe, Inc.

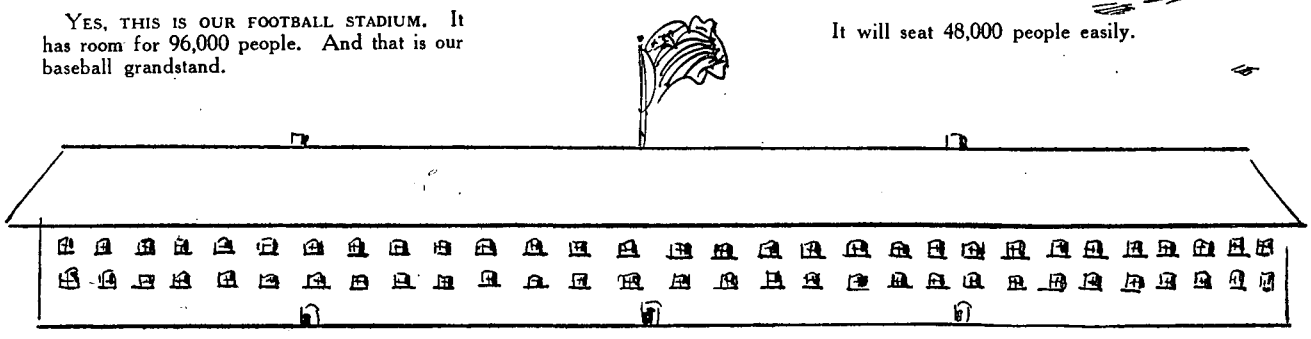
By H. v. L.



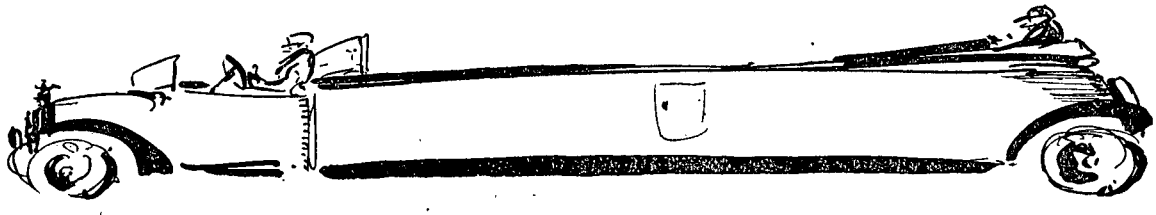
YES, THIS IS OUR FOOTBALL STADIUM. It has room for 96,000 people. And that is our baseball grandstand.



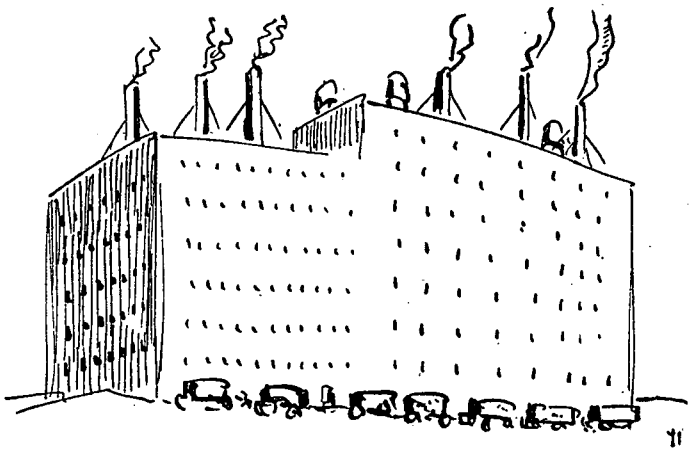
It will seat 48,000 people easily.



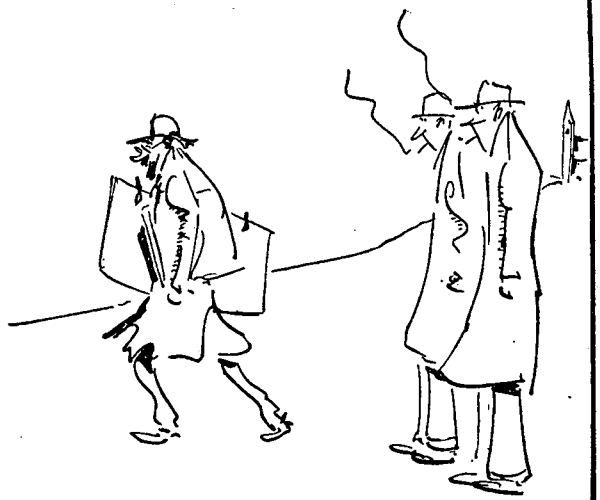
And that is the Administration Building of our University. Two thousand and thirty-four people are given employment there.



That—oh, that is the rowing-coach in his last year's car.



And that is the factory of the Publicity Department. It turns out 34,000 tons of printed matter each week.



That shabby old fellow? I don't know. But I believe he is some sort of old fossil who is doing some work in the library. A professor maybe.

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The Revolt Against Education

By GLENN FRANK

STUDENTS of civilization whose social studies have begun with biology as a point of departure have lately elaborated with an alluring richness of detail the theory of the burden of civilization. It is suggested that among civilized peoples each succeeding generation elaborates the social environment, increases the number of demands made upon the members of society, and complicates generally the problem of living and working. With the biological strength of the race at a standstill or on the decline while the burdens it must carry are on the increase, the time is likely to come in the life history of any civilized people when the structural overloading will become so great that the civilization in question will collapse, either by the involuntary lapse of the processes of society into chaos or by a deliberate revolt of the people against civilization.

Sir Francis Galton put this theory briefly when he said several years ago: "Our race is overweighted. It will degenerate under circumstances which make demands that exceed its powers." The enormous increase of knowledge and the increasing complexity of the curriculum in our universities is analogous to the increase of things and the increasing complexity of social organization in our civilization as a whole. It is, perhaps, more than analogous. It may well be an organic part of the larger social process that Galton described. We are witnessing today both the collapse of our curricula from structural overloading and the beginnings of a student revolt against the sterilities of current academic procedure.

A hundred or more years ago the outlines of a college education were simple. In the centuries immediately preceding knowledge had not increased at a pace so rapid but that educators could digest, interpret, and relate to previous knowledge the new knowledge as it appeared. But with the nineteenth century the invigorating winds of a new critical and scientific spirit began to blow across the world. The scientific spirit began hunting, blasting, boring, probing, boiling, cooking, and dissecting. Men, animated by the itch to know, began to dig up, at a disconcerting rate, all sorts of new facts and new knowledge. Before long it became apparent that the new knowledge was coming too fast to be digested and fitted intelligently into any educational scheme. And there happened in the educational field the thing I saw happen in a Missouri hayfield about fifteen years ago.

Six of us were putting up hay on Cal Shinn's farm. Among the six was a swashbuckling braggart who offered to bet five dollars that he could stack all the hay that the other five of us could pitch to him. We took the bet, prorating it at a dollar apiece. We laid the base for a stack and began pitching in dead earnest. The man on the stack managed to keep his head above hay for a while, but before long he was up to his neck in hay that he could not handle. He managed to extricate himself from the mass of unstackable hay, slid off the stack, stuck his pitchfork in the ground, and said: "Damn it, stack it yourself!"

It was thus that the elective system was born. I mean the elective system as a really popular movement. I am aware, of course, that the idea of the elective system was in existence at William and Mary College as a deliberate educational theory, although but little developed in practice, nearly half a century before its adoption at Harvard, and many years before it became generally the basis of what seems to me to have been essentially a strategic retreat of educators from an increasingly unmanageable mass of modern knowledge. Looked at historically, I think the hay-field episode is an accurate illustration of what has happened in our colleges during the last century. Overwhelmed by new facts that were coming faster than they could be managed, educators slid off the stack, stuck the pitchfork into the ground, and, turning to green freshmen, said, with the profanity deleted: "Stack it yourself!"

Confronted with new facts and new knowledge growing at a speed that outstripped the possibility of prompt correlation at the time, the educational world adopted as its fundamental method of *handling* knowledge the method that was *producing* knowledge, namely, specialization. Few will dispute that the primacy of the principle of specialization is 90 per cent inevitable. This 90 per cent inevitability need not, however, blind us to some of the bad by-products of specialization. It is in devising ways and means for preventing these bad by-products that the next fruitful advances in educational policy are most likely to be made.

The study of the classics was crippled if not killed by classroom pedants who forgot the meaning of the classic literatures in their absorption in the minutiae of the classic languages. Did William James have this in mind when he said to F. C. S. Schiller that "the natural enemy of any subject is the professor thereof"? At any rate, specialization in the classics has about succeeded in sealing the tomb of one of the richest sources, if not indeed the richest source, of intellectual and aesthetic stimulation and discipline. May not a too extreme specialization in the teaching of the sciences, of economics and political economy, of education, of literature, work a similar result?

I am not seduced by an extravagant hope that educators can assemble any single bag of tricks that will swiftly and sweepingly reverse what may be the irresistible tendency of modern civilization to create burdens it cannot carry and to set up a suicidal complexity of organization. Our civilization and the educational system it has produced may have to run their cycle until they break. But even if we suspect ourselves to be the victims of a process we cannot control, it is dangerous to admit it, and to surrender to it is simply to set ahead the date of our debacle. We must not rest content with a coward's refuge in unrelated specialisms.

We might undertake to prevent the abuse and to promote the ultimate utility of specialization by making an effort to insure, as far as possible, that students shall be exposed to a broadly conceived and coherently organized body of general knowledge during some definite period of the college years that precede the intensive specialization of graduate study and professional training. Such an organization of subject matter could be made possible only by the courageous willingness of educators to be tentatively

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dogmatic in saying what subject matter will best induct the student into an understanding of his contemporary world, of the forces that have gone into its making from the past, and of the living forces that are most likely to determine its future. Specialization has converted our universities into intellectual department stores or, more accurately, into a series of intellectual specialty shops housed under a common administrative roof. And any attempt to effect a new synthesis of knowledge even in an important section of the college years encounters as a stubborn obstacle the otherwise healthy hesitancy of the scholar to generalize. But no such fresh organization of subject matter as I have suggested would be possible save at the hands of educators who refused to be awed by the mere bulk of modern knowledge.

It may be said that the orientation courses at the beginning and the summary courses at the end of the college years, with which colleges have been experimenting, meet the situation into which specialization has plunged education. I doubt it. They are manifestly things tacked on to the regular college procedure—porous plasters applied to the curriculum to reduce its incoherence. Any genuine orientation of the student to his world must be reached *in* the regular college procedure, not *outside* it.

Of course, no one who has even partly earned the right to participate in a discussion of education will expect too much of such a synthesized section of the curriculum. The historian with, say, the last hundred and the next hundred years of our educational history before him would doubtless look upon the use of any such section of the curriculum as an emergency measure adopted by a people that found itself the victim of a great confusion resulting from an unprecedentedly rapid accumulation of knowledge. It alone will not educate men or equip them for the mastery of modern life. I suggest, therefore, a second field of inquiry.

If we find ourselves driven to admit that knowledge is growing more rapidly than educators can fetter it, may it not be necessary for us to strive to develop educational methods in the undergraduate years that will deal more directly with the mental processes of the student than do many of our present methods of teaching and examination that lay so much emphasis on subject matter? May it not be that the only way in which the modern man can hope to keep pace with the modern world is to increase the tempo of his mind as the tempo of the advance of knowledge increases?

We are dealing here with an elusive and maybe absurd hypothesis. I know the battle that has been waged around the problem of the training of the mind. But one thing is clear, and that is that we shall find no really conclusive answer to the educational dilemma growing out of the enormity and complexity of modern knowledge if we attempt to determine the future evolution of higher education mainly in terms of curriculum construction. Any such approach will inevitably drive us to a choice between superficial general knowledge and accurate specialized knowledge. We must look for the really creative development of education in the methods of teaching rather than in the materials of teaching.

What will a greater emphasis upon the possible development of the mind to see and understand more quickly and accurately mean in terms of the work of our classes. May it mean that our classrooms will more and more become places in which the students rather than the teachers perform? May it mean that usually the best teacher will be the man who says the least to his students? May it mean the virtual scrapping of the lecture system?

In the average institution of higher learning today teaching is essentially a formal process. Learning, on the other hand, is essentially an informal process. Over-formalization in the teaching process kills the spirit of learning in the student mind. I suspect, therefore, that the next great advance in education will be marked by an extensive informalizing of the teaching process.

It is, I admit, difficult to see how any synthesis of even the major findings of modern knowledge could be caught in a two-year curriculum if we continue to teach entirely in terms of the subjects and departments that are today the basis of instruction, unless each subject were to be taught by a polymath like Aristotle, Leonardo da Vinci, Adam Smith, or Thomas Henry Buckle. It may be, therefore, that we shall find that the only way we can manage to induct students into a general understanding of their civilization will be to teach during these two "general" years in terms of situations rather than subjects.

If we were to undertake to teach baseball, let us say, to a seven-year-old boy by the "subject" method, this is the way we would go about it. We would ask him to memorize the biographies of the great players of baseball, past and present. Then we would ask him to pass an examination on the lives of Christy Mathewson, Ty Cobb, Hans Wagner, Babe Ruth, and others. We would then ask him to make a study of the various kinds of wood out of which bats are made, the countries from which the woods came, and so on—again subjecting him to an examination. We would then ask him to make a study of the principle of the gyroscope involved in throwing a curve, the law of falling bodies involved in throwing a drop, and so on—again putting him to the test of an examination. All this on the theory, apparently, that when he had mastered the details he would suddenly be consumed by a passionate interest in the game. But by watching one boy for one month, it becomes clear that the way to awaken his interest in baseball is to take him to a Big League game, get him a good seat in the grandstand, allow him to feel the thrill of the game, and to yell himself hoarse for a hero. After that, he will sit up all night sleuthing and snaring explanations of details.

The suggestion that we might achieve a broader culture and a better sense of the relatedness of things by studying in terms of situations rather than subjects is convincing in the abstract. But the moment we attempt to step from the abstract into the concrete and undertake to visualize such a teaching policy in operation in a university, a thousand difficulties arise. Few have ventured to condescend to details respecting this suggestion as far as college instruction goes. It has usually been left in that twilight zone of the abstract where we keep ideas that would be good if they could be made to work. In an article published in the *Century Magazine*, Alexander Meiklejohn tentatively suggested that we might find our way out of the confused wilderness of unrelated specialisms, not by any formal synthesis of modern knowledge in a curriculum but by devoting the freshman year to the comprehensive study of a single historic episode such as the Greek civilization, setting the freshmen to reading the literature of that period, and, under the friendly guidance and stimulation of a

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faculty of men who were masters of special fields, taking that civilization to pieces, seeing how it worked, what forces animated it, and what germs of the future were thrown up by it. His assumption was that in a year of roaming within the catholic boundaries of that singularly fruitful experiment in civilization the freshmen would see and handle most of the beginnings or early forms of modern knowledge and life. He suggested that the sophomore year might be devoted to a similar study of some other and later historic episode, say English civilization in the nineteenth century, or maybe our own American civilization, the assumption here being that the students would doubtless be led during the sophomore year to draw comparisons between the ways different peoples go at the job of building and administering a civilization, and to discover what kinds of civilizations occur when different sets of factors are present. This is, of course, an adaptation to higher education of the project method that has been worked out in primary and secondary education. And there at least is this advantage in taking a situation out of the past rather than out of the present—it will stand still while you study it.

Here at any rate is a definite suggestion of teaching by situation rather than by subject in the college. Is such a project feasible?

There is a special reason why we should consider this problem of the freshman and sophomore years promptly. For unless with decent promptness we bring a fresh coherence and fruitful comprehensiveness into the curriculum of the freshman and sophomore years of our colleges of liberal arts, the junior-college movement may proceed as a merely mechanical split-off, a merely administrative secession, with no meaning beyond a decentralization of the chaos and confusion of our present educational inefficiency.

A Dream of a Narrow College

By HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

THERE is no use finding fault with the American college or trying to do anything in particular about it. It is just a part of the inevitable tragedy of life. The poor old blundering human race has always pathetically tried in one way or another to educate its children so that they would somehow do the difficult job of living better than their fathers had done it before them. And though we know that a stream can rise no higher than its source, fortunately we don't believe it; so we hopefully persist in the illusion that by taking thought we can create an educational system better than the teachers and students who make it up. We keep on trying, then, to do the impossible, and thus trying we do make certain improvements. The American college today is a materially better machine than the one I went to at the end of the last century, and just now every live undergraduate institution in the country, become vividly and fashionably conscious of its own defects, is buzzing with schemes for comprehensive examinations, special honors courses, and countless other improved educational devices. Anxious curriculum committees of faculty jailors are calling for a light, coming trembling and falling down before whomever they meet, saying: "Sirs, what must we do to be saved?" And student Pauls and Silases are standing forth boldly, saying in no uncertain tones: "Believe in this and this and this and this, and ye shall be saved, and your college." Thus properly instructed, we of the faculty are making haste slowly to go and do likewise by sending out a questionnaire to the 1,058 colleges and universities of the country and learning that, out of the 413 replying, 99.44 per cent have already tried it, of whom less than .001376 per cent report any unfavorable results whatever. When it is all done we shall have better colleges than we have now, provided meanwhile the university has not bitten off the head and the junior college the tail of our present uncomfortably wriggling educational saurian. We wiggle and wriggle our way along, getting forward here an inch and there half a foot, all the time feeling that it's third down and ten yards to gain. In the constant race man runs with perdition maybe the feeling is right, even if the figure is mixed. After we have watched the process long enough, we professors are likely to grow philosophical over it and to remember that in all ages students who were capable of education have somehow managed to educate themselves in spite of all obstacles, and that probably the same thing is happening now. Thereupon we quit fussing and probably cease to be useful, or at any rate we "don't understand the student point of view," doubtless because we are unable longer to believe that all is for the worst in the worst of all possible colleges.

What is the matter, then? In a way, it is pretty simple amid the manifold complexities. We professors lack faith and courage and brains, and because we lack them our colleges are what they are instead of what we dream of their being. So long as we are what we are, so long our colleges will be what they are, despite all our devices and endowments and improvements. I do not mean that we professors are worse than other people. We are not, despite our critics. I do mean that we are no better (except as some of us know a little more), and that so long as we are no better, so long the colleges will be no better than the schools and the churches and the trade unions and the women's clubs and the athletic associations and the chambers of commerce and the sons of deceased patriots and the loyal orders of associated tombstone manufacturers that make up our everyday America. But we professors ought to be better, because we have a better chance. "The Goose Step" notwithstanding, I am persuaded that no other considerable body of men in the United States today enjoys so large a measure of genuine freedom as the professors. If our faith, our courage, and our brains matched our opportunities, we could create the college of our dreams, and no one could say us nay. If our colleges are ruled, as they sometimes are, by their trustees, whether stupid and reactionary or intelligent and progressive, it is primarily because faculties have not the gumption to do the ruling themselves. Notwithstanding the legal position, no board of trustees could stand before a united and determined faculty bent on any reasonably intelligent policy.

It is the same with the students and with that fearsome body, the "constituency" of the college. I discovered

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thirty years ago that in its relations with its students an intelligent and determined faculty could do anything it really wanted to. Despite student curriculum committees, the clamor for "self-expression," the *New Student*, and all the other healthy manifestations of student discontent and desire for self-direction, the same thing is undoubtedly true today.

It ought to be true, and at bottom students want it to be true, but they want faculties to believe something based on what they know, and to stand for it without fear and without flinching in the face of God and the devil. If faculties acted that way, we should get colleges of variant types in place of the present melancholy spectacle (happily changing in spots) of hundreds of collegiate institutions each trying desperately to be more like all the others than they are like themselves. Then we should have big colleges and little ones, institutions for exacting study and for gentlemanly and ladylike play, schools for boys and girls who wanted to moon over poetry and others for those who wanted to pursue horse doctoring. Nobody would worry because his course in English I did not give the same assignment on October 23 as every other English course in the country. Indeed, inconceivable as it now appears, a blasphemous iconoclast fearing neither God nor man might some day arise and abolish English I. Who knows but we might even one day have college graduates who had read different books and who knew different things, not in consequence of our present hit-and-miss system of individual elective ignorance but in consequence of their choice of different colleges, each of which boldly proclaimed: "Ye who prefer this (or that) particular kind of learning, come hither, and we will guide you along this particular path which we are confident leads to knowledge and, if ye be chosen of God, to wisdom."

Narrow? By all means. So is an Alpine valley; but when a climber has scaled the heights from such a valley, he sees far more of the world than a whole regiment of Illinois farmers can do looking out from their cornfields, broad as they are. From such narrow dream colleges there might come Americans who were different from one another. Our culture might become a thing of Cordilleran grandeur and contrast or at least of Appalachian beauty and charm rather than of flat prairie monotony. Such narrow colleges, manned by faculties of intelligence and courage and scholarship, would have all the students they could handle; a nation of a hundred millions, gone daft over education, will provide plenty of students of every conceivable taste and type. Each college will find its natural constituency, once its particular brand of narrowness becomes known. It will have all the money it needs, though of course not all it wants; the college's great want for money now is so that it may be like other colleges that also have money.

Why don't we have such colleges today? Fortunately we are beginning to. Mostly we don't have them because faculties either don't want them or else are too cowardly and pusillanimous to create or maintain them. We are afraid of everything and everybody, of our students and their parents, of our alumni, our "friends" (from many of whom God save us!), our trustees, our donors, our educational almoners, the handy men of the great foundations. We are afraid of poverty and unpopularity, of non-conformity and queerness, and above all, many of us, of mistakes. Our gospel is one of conduct, not of adventure, and safe-conduct at that. Students must be helped not to make mistakes, as though every generation did not have the inalienable right to make its own mistakes. So we live, and so the students who are worth while despise us, just as they ought to do, while those that are not worth while trot cheerfully and indifferently through the wide gate along the broad way that leads to the A.B.

Our faculties are not alone in their pusillanimity, however; they deserve special blame only because they have an uncommonly good chance to be men. But a country as fat and prosperous as the United States in the year of grace 1926, and institutions that serve as largely as our colleges do the needs, but especially the wants, of the sons and daughters of the fat and prosperous have need of all possible care lest they grow fat-headed, too, and perish at last from fatty degeneration of the heart. It must be remembered that our colleges are besieged by students who do not care particularly to educate themselves, but who do want to go to college; and the ambition of the students, such as it is, only reflects that of their parents. There is no way under heaven whereby such students can be kept out, and in the mad rush to the colleges since the war it has looked as though they might swamp those institutions. Instead of grappling with the problem like men, then, a lot of band-wagon riders and hungry success-worshipers in the colleges have set about explaining why it is their duty in a "democracy of boobs" to lay hands on the millions that anybody can get who cares to run a glorified finishing school for well-dressed young women or a school of business administration for their Kuppenheimer-clad brethren. Verily they have their reward. It is riches and fat-headedness and faint-heartedness.

Meanwhile the real students, too, come knocking at our gates—keen, eager, alert, on tiptoe of expectation, or perhaps more often just awakening, star-eyed, to the wonder of a new dawn. They come from homes, sometimes, of poverty and ignorance and narrowness, but likewise of sturdiness and ambition and hope, sometimes from homes of wealth and broad culture, homes in which riches have not softened the fine fiber of the spirit or corroded the metal of the mind. Better material there is not on God's earth, and though we are not to them the heroes that our teachers were to us in our student days, yet, like the best youth in all ages, once they find a man they will follow him through flood and fire in pursuit of the truth that lures him on.

If our faculties, then, will only forget their methods and devices, their endowments and equipment and paraphernalia, their hopes of prosperity and success, of riches and power, their hordes of so-called students indifferent and incompetent—if they will but forget all these and center their thought on that youth of the starry eyes and the dream in his heart; if they will but see him as the child of this puzzling, fascinating, maddening world of yesterday and today, inheritor of its riches, its traditions, its burdens, its sins; will see him as maker of the world of tomorrow which must be different because he wills it so; if they will only stand erect before him, in no pride of authority, but with unquestioning faith in the scientific tools they have painfully learned to use for the progressive revelation of that world to its maker-to-be, and with unquenchable enthusiasm for the value of that revelation, the college need not fear. Its future is secure.

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The Coal Strike and Beyond

By HAROLD J. LASKI

[Mr. Laski's first two letters, printed below, arrived together at the office of The Nation *on May 17. The first, dated May 1, was postmarked in London on May 6, though it was evidently dispatched as soon as it was written. Even the British post office, it would appear, was paralyzed by the events of the first week of May. A third article by Mr. Laski, written after the close of the strike, is on its way and will be printed in an early issue.]*

I

London, May 1

THERE are not, I believe, ten men in England holding responsible positions in the labor world who have desired a crisis in the coal industry at this juncture. Yet, as I write, the negotiations have broken down and the men are locked out; and with a unanimity previously unknown in trade-union history it has been decided to call a general strike in vital industries by Monday midnight (May 3) unless a settlement has meanwhile been effected.

What is the explanation of the position? The Coal Commission reported on March 6, 1926. It was an able commission upon which (it is notable) there was no representative of labor. The best summary of the report is to say that while rejecting the miners' remedy of nationalization, it accepted in large outline the basis, at least, of the criticisms they have been wont to pass upon the industry as at present organized. For (1) it recommended the nationalization of mineral royalties; (2) it pointed out great defects in management and equipment; (3) it recommended amalgamation and the coordination of the industry with allied industries like electricity; (4) it insisted upon the need of greater provision for research; (5) it recommended drastic changes in the transportation and distribution of coal.

The case for these changes was argued convincingly. But, obviously, to effect and derive benefit from their adoption is a matter of years. The immediate problem was what to do with an industry where 72 per cent of the mines were running at a loss apart from the subsidy which was paid to the industry from July last until today as the price of the inquiry. The subsidy, the commission argued, was indefensible; and to tide over the period of reorganization their suggestion was the removal of the percentage increase of 1921 (hours remaining unchanged), or, roughly, a 10 per cent reduction in wages. Broadly, it is not unfair to characterize the report as an impressive economic analysis which is void of any constructive plan for the immediate crisis and is amazingly timid in the long-term views it is prepared to take.

The Government, on its presentation, called both sides together, and Mr. Baldwin addressed to them an impressive appeal for peace. He announced that the Cabinet would accept the report if men and owners could agree upon terms to prevail while it was being put into effect. The men, in a remarkable document, accepted it subject to a refusal to entertain wage-reductions until they knew what "reorganization" meant. The owners accepted parts. They desired to negotiate wage-agreements not with the miners as a whole, but with each district separately. Everyone (including themselves) knew that this was an impossible and indefensible position; but ten precious days were wasted in bringing them back to the point of agreeing to a national settlement. Finally, the Prime Minister, who had already announced that the subsidy must end (subject to possible temporary assistance to specially hard-hit districts) got from them a concrete offer of new terms. Roughly summarized these meant a reduction of 13 per cent in wages and a return to the eight-hour day. This second point had already been proposed to the commission by the owners, and the commission had rejected it as without value. The new wage-scales would, if accepted by the men, have brought many of them below a standard wage of $10 a week; and, in the best districts, below a standard wage of $15 a week. The men, with the consent of the Trades Union Council (on which Mr. Thomas was the predominating figure) rejected the proposal.

An effort to persuade the Prime Minister to prolong the subsidy for a brief period in the hope of agreement was vain. His own effort to persuade the men to agree to work eight hours until December 31, 1929, and to accept the reduction suggested by the commission was also fruitless. Practically, that is to say, Mr. Baldwin in the last stages of negotiation, sided, or was driven by his colleagues to side, with the owners. He asked the miners (1) to accept an increase in hours which the commission itself said had no point; (2) a decrease in wages without any guaranty that the next three or four years would see any benefit to the trade; without even the assurance that the timid suggestions of the commission would be adopted in any thoroughgoing fashion; (3) with the knowledge that this assault on miners' wages would be the beginning of a general attack on the workers' standard of life. His request was refused; and the lockout is already universal.

No man can predict the outcome. The trade-union movement has entered upon this conflict without passion and with grim determination. It has arrayed against it forces as powerful as exist anywhere outside those of American capitalism. It is aware that a defeat of its own forces may be disastrous; it does not know what may be the price of victory. One hopes without hope that between now and Monday some way out may be found. Mr. Baldwin has humanity, shrewdness, insight. Yet, as colleagues, he has men like Mr. Churchill and Sir William Joynson-Hicks, both of them pinchbeck Mussolinis by temperament. If labor is defeated on this great issue, if, particularly, the occasion is used for a general assault upon its standards, the way will lie open directly to a revolutionary temper. And if that occurs, Mr. Baldwin will find that even the subsidy was a small thing compared to the ultimate cost that he and his colleagues will have to pay.

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II

London, May 7

Reason abdicated at 12 o'clock on Sunday last. It was a moment when the Trades Union Council at Downing Street had devised a formula which they believed the miners and the Government would accept. Suddenly a letter was brought to them announcing that no further negotiations could be continued unless the general strike was called off; that the wanton interference with the freedom of the press must be stopped and repudiated. The latter incident was consequent upon the refusal of some printers in the *Daily Mail* office to set up an inflammatory and hysterical editorial. It was an unwise action on their part. But it was entirely unauthorized and was actually quite unknown to the trade-union representatives at Downing Street. They were not asked to investigate or to explain. They were presented with a peremptory order to desert the miners or be fought. It is impossible not to feel that during the evening of May 2 the die-hards in the Tory Government were bringing pressure to bear upon Mr. Baldwin to break off negotiations, and that the isolated incident of the *Daily Mail* was simply a pretext. It, of course, transferred the whole subject of discussion away from the facts to questions of prestige. Somewhere, it seems, there had been a will to conflict in the Government, a desire, also, to screen the long list of its errors in the mining negotiations. The threat of a general strike must, to men like Churchill and Birkenhead and Joynson-Hicks, have been the chance for which they had been seeking.

Monday saw the conflict transferred to the House of Commons. MacDonald and Thomas stated the case for labor, both with dignity and in a deliberately conciliatory way. Both emphasized the fact that the unions were anxious to negotiate and believed a settlement to be possible. Mr. Baldwin's attitude was one of despairing regret; but it was clear that he was hardening against labor. Mr. Churchill, with flashes of conciliation, took the general line that the unions were trying to supersede the Government and made one of his typically flamboyant speeches about the Cabinet doing its duty.

To understand the position on Monday at midnight let it be remembered (1) that the miners got the first concrete offer on Friday at 1:15; (2) that the offer went far beyond any reduction proposed by the commission; (3) that the kind of reorganization to be attempted in the mining industry was not even outlined; what was offered was a joint committee to explore means of advising the Government upon utilizing the report. In other words, less than a day before the subsidy expired, the miners were asked to accept a heavy reduction in wages and an increase in hours, without knowing of any certain improvements to be introduced into the mines. Is it any wonder that they refused to buy this pig in a poke? Is it any wonder, either, that the Trades Union Congress with virtual unanimity, offered to stand by them?

The Cabinet represents this as an unconstitutional attempt to coerce Parliament; it is setting up, they say, an alternative government. More fantastic nonsense was never talked by responsible men. The unions offered to cooperate in the maintenance of food supplies, of hospital services, and insisted to their members that there must be no disorder of any kind, no inflammatory speeches, no appeals to the army and navy. It is noteworthy that the Government proclaimed a state of emergency *before* and not *after* the congress decided upon a general strike.

So far, there has been no meeting, or attempt at meeting, of the parties to the conflict. The Government holds its head high and refuses, on a point of punctilio, to open a gate that has never been locked. No one can pretend to know what will happen, or how long this futile pride will continue. Those who, like myself, think that Mr. Baldwin is really better than this last week would suggest, still hope that the struggle will not be prolonged.

The New College Journalism

By NORMAN STUDER

UNDERGRADUATE journalism is not the pale growth of a few years ago. A new and healthy spirit is manifest in many college papers. No subject is now taboo that affects the interest of the learners and no college official is immune from criticism and publicity.

More than four hundred college papers are published in America. Almost every student body supports one, from the tiny four-page weekly of the rural college to the complete imitation metropolitan daily in the big university. The *Daily Illini*, University of Illinois, for instance, serves a community of 30,000 as the only morning paper and is printed in a university-owned plant valued at $100,000. These papers form laboratories for countless schools of journalism and furnish occupation for scores of students.

Undergraduate papers fall into two groups: the bulletin boards and the journals of opinion. The bulletin boards are harmless sheets packed full of college gossip. Criticism of the university is seldom ventured. The editorials exhort the students to Back the Team, warn freshmen of the evil consequences of Walking on the Grass, and advise the use of Better English.

Products of a new spirit of questioning rampant in undergraduate life, the journals of opinion strike an alien note, jarring to deans and presidents. Besides purveying news items they provoke student opinion on vital subjects and jealously guard the undergraduate interests. One after another of them have become embroiled in college controversies over compulsory chapel attendance, compulsory military training, and the issue of academic freedom.

Harvard furnished the first striking example of the new journalism in action. In 1924 the *Crimson* was the first to point out the official neglect of Professor George P. Baker's famous '47 Workshop. As the *Crimson* stated, the university officials permitted the Business School to get five million dollars, while "Professor Baker was actually forbidden to raise money." The *Crimson* lost the fight—Professor Baker left for Yale—but a note was struck in college journalism that has since been echoed in many a college.

In the spring of 1925 things began to happen in the colleges. First of all, a widespread chapel revolt broke loose. Paper after paper, from Yale to the University of Southern California, took up the issue. Phrases like this

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were flaunted under the noses of the deans: "Religious compulsion is a contradiction in terms. . . ." "You can beat a student to his knees, but you cannot make him pray." "We have a body of men who go to chapel under protest to sleep, to read, or merely to sit in bovine passiveness while the choir sings and the leader reads and prays." So effective was the agitation that three student bodies voted against required chapel in the fall of 1925. The results were:

	For compulsory chapel	Against
Yale	241	1,681
Pennsylvania State College	315	1,709
Vassar	64	819

College newspapers have brought about the abolition of required chapel during the present college year at the University of Dubuque and at Yale. In both cases the campaign had been going on for several years. In many other institutions the controversy drags on.

Leadership in the successive drives against compulsory military training has often come from the new journalists. When Henrietta Perkins, editor of the Boston University *Beanpot*, laughed at the local R. O. T. C. unit, she was promptly removed from the editorship of the college comic. But her humor started agitation and almost precisely a year later the university's incoming president, Dr. Daniel L. Marsh, made removal of the compulsion to drill his first official act. At the College of the City of New York, Felix Cohen opened a similar campaign last December with a caustic review of the "Manual of Military Training." It led finally to a student vote of 2,092 against to 349 for compulsory drill. At Ohio State University Joe Ripley, editor of the *Lantern*, issued a broadside against the "conscript army in peace time." After much debate a referendum recorded 1,099 against and 701 for compulsory drill. At Coe College the *Cosmos* voiced the student demand for optional drill in the face of bitter condemnation from the press of the State. At the University of Hawaii a heated debate is still in progress, due to a sudden and unexpected outburst against drill in the *Ka Leo O Hawaii*.

Professors have come under the critical eye of the new journalists. Student discussion of college courses has been lifted from the privacy of the "bull session" to publicity hitherto accorded only to championship football teams and junior proms. Debunking the college catalogue is a popular sport. A group of students usually contribute their personal reactions to various courses. At least fifteen papers have published such critiques this year. Here is a typical sample, taken at random:

> Education 1 and 20 are the goat courses which all embryonic teachers are compelled to take if they, poor things, desire a bread-and-butter wage. One is almost inclined to agree with Upton Sinclair, upon completion of the courses, that there is a concerted conspiracy to keep school-teachers blissful. The mental food is nil. If one be interested in psychology, he will find his time better repaid by taking courses in pure psychology. In short, these courses in bastard psychology are taught from the texts written by Ph.D.'s who show a remarkable ignorance of simple English grammar. As for the professor, he is mediocre as a teacher; but Horace Mann himself could not make a course such as this teem with interest

Some of the critiques are written in a less caustic style, but none hesitates to deal out praise or blame.

It is difficult for college presidents to accept the new student paper. How pleasant the good old days when the paper was a publicity sheet for the institution, promoting docility among the students with its editorials on College Spirit! Editor after editor has been dismissed with the explanatory phrase, "unfavorable publicity" or "immature judgment." Dismissals of this sort have occurred before this year, but never in such numbers. The following amazing list of suppressions, dismissals, and protests alone bears witness to a new boldness in college writers:

When Dean E. T. Troxell of Trinity College, Connecticut, declared in chapel that the policy of the college was to "disregard the individual and turn out a Trinity type," the *Tripod* criticized. Consequently, editor Malcolm Stephenson was suspended from college for a month and removed from editorship of the paper.

At the University of California the acting president, in absence of President W. W. Campbell, constituted himself literary arbiter and suppressed the *Occident* for a "blasphemous" story of Joseph and Jesus. The reason given for the action was that the article would "reflect discredit upon the university." In previous issues the paper had roundly scored compulsory drill, censorship of student opinion, and "conversion of the university into an enlarged success school." This may or may not have influenced the officials. Rather than submit to censorship the *Occident* moved off the campus and continued publication, but recently, following the publication of a story purporting to reveal sex attitudes and sex behavior among fraternities, Lewis Russell, editor of the *Occident*, was expelled only a month before his graduation.

The University of Southern California has had a similar experience of suppression. The editors of the college magazine, the *Wampus*, were suddenly ordered by the president to refrain from registering for the spring term. No direct charges were made against the magazine, although it was known that an attack had been launched against it by an out-of-town newspaper. The editor-in-chief resigned and the board was then allowed to register. A new, innocuous staff was recruited and the *Wampus* is now being published according to official specifications.

An acting president does not hesitate to pronounce literary judgments, nor does a professor of engineering. At Ohio State University the head of the department of engineering drawing presides over the censorship board. He recently delivered himself of this gem: "The good name of the university must be protected from irresponsible and erotic students who try to be like Henry Mencken."

In Waco, Texas, a local board of censors passes on all movies and plays. Sometimes reels and acts are badly mutilated, to the disgust of Baylor University students. For voicing this sentiment in a temperate editorial, Tom H. Johnson was removed from his position by the president.

Sometimes academic diplomacy covers the true reason for censoring student writings. But in at least one case the source of censorship is clear enough. The *Illinois Magazine* was suppressed by the University of Illinois authorities after a group of captains of the zinc industry in La Salle had objected to a series of too realistic Zinc City Sketches.

Last fall the *Campus* of the College of the City of New York was ordered to cease comment on the R. O. T. C. after the above-mentioned referendum. Two blank columns then appeared as a mute protest. And when the new editor, Harry Heller, was elected more trouble was in store. He immediately opposed the administration policy in three

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cases, and finally published an editorial captioned Oracular Mysticism. It made light of one professor's comment on the *Campus* editorial suggestion that students sit in on faculty meetings. This faculty member objected that such an innovation would disperse the air of "oracular mysticism" which hovers about professors. The Campus Association, an alumni body which publishes the *Campus*, dismissed Heller after the publication of this editorial, because of "temperamental incapability and poor taste."

But the City College undergraduates will yet be heard. A group of students invited the *New Student*, a liberal undergraduate journal, to publish a magazine in which tabooed subjects might be aired. This publication is called the *City College Student*. Its first number declares that its purpose is "not to pursue any policy of attack upon the authorities but merely to present that portion of undergraduate opinion which events at the college have indicated will meet with faculty disapproval and disciplinary action if published in any authorized college publication."

Let it not be assumed that the above is a complete list of sins against academic freedom. There have been dozens of cases, petty cases that never come to light. Editors are called to the dean's sanctum and frightened into submission. Most college editors know infinitely more than they dare print. At Louisiana State University the *Reveille* also published a blank space in indignant protest against "unjust, unreasonable" censorship by Colonel Thomas Boyd, president of the university. At Iowa State College students are alarmed over a new faculty committee with final powers to overrule the actions of "any or all of the publication boards."

This is the status of the new journalism in the colleges: On the one hand an increasing group of young editors bent upon securing a greater measure of freedom of expression; on the other an equally determined army of presidents, faculty members, and reactionary alumni determined that open and frank student treatment of controversial topics be stopped at all costs.

A Chapter in Corporate Efficiency

By LARUE BROWN

Boston, May 4

THOSE who hold forth upon the inefficiency of governmental conduct of business enterprises are given to citing specific examples which, while not important in themselves, are supposed to be characteristic. The following experience with private efficiency may therefore be relevant.

About October 1, 1925, the business of a receivership which I was winding up was so far contracted as to permit giving up one of its offices. On October 9 the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, which had recently been permitted a sharp advance in its rates, was notified in writing to discontinue the telephone service in that office. On December 4 a bill for $6 was received for current service, and on that date a letter was written calling attention to the discontinuance. On December 9 the manager of the Commercial Department replied as follows:

> I find upon investigation that this service was removed under date of October 20, and final bill will be rendered for exchange service and tolls up to and including that period.

Nothing came till January 3, 1926. Then came a bill for current exchange service (and arrears) $12. On January 8 a third letter was written to the company, restating the facts. No reply was received.

On February 4 came another bill, now for $18. A fourth letter was written to the company. No reply was received.

On March 1 came a bill for $24.

On April 7 came a bill for $30. At this point I decided to try an interview. I had the pleasure of conversing with an exceedingly self-assured young man who came back from successive telephone conversations with an unknown person to tell me, first, that the service had never been ordered to be discontinued and, second, that it had been recently ordered discontinued and the appropriate department was "working on it." I could not resist asking his explanation of the fact that the listing did not appear in the telephone book distributed in December, and found him equal to the emergency. After looking for the listing under every possible head, he assured me that I must have given a non-listing order—although this was a business telephone and I had told him that I was the subscriber.

This discouraged me with interviews, and I returned to my office and wrote a fifth letter, reviewing the entire correspondence. No acknowledgment or reply was received.

But today I have received another bill. The charge for this wholly fictitious telephone service has now reached $36.

Boston, May 5

Postscript.—It must be added that, immediately on receiving a copy of the above recital, the president of the telephone company personally took the matter up, and this afternoon I have received an account of an edifying meeting at which all the persons concerned attempted to explain to him how it happened.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter found himself at tea time the other day in the house of the Kind Lady. The Kind Lady was not in, but the door was open, and the Drifter knows her well enough to make tea for himself. He blundered about the kitchen and found the can of tea-balls; he lit a match under the water kettle and felt the pleasant thrill he still gets out of the blue explosion of gas into flame; finally he mobilized most of the tea things on a tray with no mishap more serious than dropping cigarette ashes in his cup, and took himself and his tea to the hearth of the great fireplace in the living-room. Just as he had settled himself comfortably to enjoy to the full the fine texture of the fire and the tea, the door bell rang. The Drifter sat still. It must be someone to see the Kind Lady—and the Drifter could not hope to be a satisfactory substitute. Besides he had just got his tea equipment nicely arranged, and the tea had come to that point of perfection which it may only once attain.

* * * * *

AGAIN the door bell rang, insistently this time. The Drifter was annoyed; but he deserted his comfort and went to the door. Before him stood a well-dressed, ordinary looking man, asking for the Kind Lady. She was not in? Well, she ought to be home soon now. He guessed he'd wait. "I don't know when she'll be in," said the Drifter. "Perhaps I could help you. What is it you want?" "Well," the gentleman was obviously nervous. "This morning I left a

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bottle here. I didn't want to carry it around with me all day. I told Mrs. —— I'd call for it." Then a gesture. "But please don't bother. I'll just wait." The Drifter was puzzled. A bottle. Didn't want to carry it around with him. It was very strange. He had never supposed the Kind Lady would shelter . . . Well, well, that *was* strange. The Drifter looked again at the stranger, who by this time had come into the hall. He didn't look like a drinking man. "What sort of bottle was it?" asked the Drifter. "Perhaps we could find it." He led the way to the living-room and cast about for a likely looking bottle. A tall black cylinder of ink stood on the writing desk. "Is that it?" he asked the stranger hopefully, a bit maliciously. "No," said the visitor uncomfortably, "it's a—a—brown bottle. But please don't bother. I'll wait." The Drifter returned to his tea and asked the gentleman of the bottle if he would care for some. He was not surprised when his offer was refused. Apparently this man wanted something stronger than tea.

* * * * *

AFTER that there was little attempt at conversation. Suspicion, wonder, embarrassment, and the crackling of the fire filled the room. A half hour later the Kind Lady returned. "Oh, yes, Mr. ——," she greeted the strange gentleman, "you want your bottle. Come with me." The Drifter watched them disappear into the kitchen and soon thereafter heard a door slam. Apparently the bottle had been delivered. The Kind Lady came back with a cup for herself and the Drifter poured her tea. He commented on the delicate amber of tea and the bright warm miracle of fire. The Kind Lady smiled. "We all come at beauty differently," she said, "but we get it. Now that man"—the Drifter listened intently—"is the publicity man for a big dairy. He doesn't look as if he would be interested in aesthetics. But this morning he stopped in as he was passing and asked if he might leave a bottle here until later. It was just a brown bottle, not unusual in shape, and empty. He'd picked it up in a vacant lot on the way to the office. He saved it—and is taking it home—because he thought it was so pretty." THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Lord Bacon on the Farmers' Troubles

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When not engaged in writing "Hamlet" or discharging various public duties, Lord Bacon found time to write of divers matters pertaining to the health of the body politic. Incidentally he seems to have advanced the most comprehensive diagnosis of the farmers' troubles that has yet been heard. Thus he wrote: "Usury bringeth the wealth or treasure of a state into a few hands. For the usurer being at certainties and others at uncertainties, at the end of the game most of the money will be in the box." This pointed description of the effect of interest is only too well justified by the event. The farmer is preeminently the interest-payer and we know too well that all his money is in the box of the recipients of interest. Bacon tells us where all the nice, juicy melons come from. But the farmers know well enough that the abolition of interest is not a practical program—in fact, such a proposal would, as John Morrissey once said, "Play . . . with the doubtful States." Since the politicians must have platforms not simply to stand on but also to get in on, there is only one solution for the farmers' ills and that is to quit farming. Weary of starving and waiting for their slice of Coolidge prosperity, in this section they are leaving the farm in droves and going to the silk mills and auto factories. Disillusioned by the thousand deceptions of political highbinders, it is a safe bet that an increasing number of starving farmers will take the same road of salvation. It is high time that our scientific experts should discover some substitute for the bread and potatoes which seem to belong to a regime that is fast passing away.

Canton, Pa., April 1 JOHN BASIL BARNHILL

What the "Officier d'Académie" Is

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The ever-recurring confusion about the French title "Officier d'Académie," that will stump foreigners until the day of judgment, crept into the controversy going on in *The Nation* about Mrs. Eddy. Mr. Heitman, in order to show the esteem of "the French Government" for the founder of Christian Science, stated that she was made "officer of the French Academy." Mr. Bates was interested by this "information," which he understood to mean that Mrs. Eddy "was elected to membership in the French Academy." And that does not seem to astonish him!

Now, the title of "Officier d'Académie," which has no more to do with the French Academy than with the Academy of Plato, is only one of the more unimportant of the many decorations bestowed by the French Government on a people fond of adorning their buttonholes with ribbons of various colors. This one is generally given to persons purported to have rendered services to public instruction. It is often seen on the breasts of school marms, fencing masters, clerks, and other modest and inconspicuous members of society.

How Mrs. Eddy received this trivial laurel, when she received it, and why, might make a harmless subject of investigation for some historical "scholar." That is my only excuse for thrusting this irrelevant issue into this debate and attempting the hopeless task of setting the American public right on the import and meaning of the violet ribbon of the "Officier d'Académie."

Ithaca, N. Y., April 17 O. G.

The Pacifism of Oscar S. Straus

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation* has, I believe, done an injustice—no doubt unintentionally—to the memory of Mr. Oscar S. Straus in including the following sentence in its otherwise eulogistic editorial paragraph on Mr. Straus in its issue of May 12:

> A lifelong advocate of peace, he never lost his interest in the question, though that interest was of the type which is loud for peace until the drums are heard.

If my memory serves, Mr. Straus, late in July and August, 1914, even after mobilization had started and some declarations of war had been made, went about to European capitals and visited powerful centers and personages, in a vain endeavor to secure the calling off of the war. While at the time I, for one, laughed at his efforts as showing scant knowledge of the materialistic basis of the World War, I believe that he, more than any other of those associated with him in the Carnegie and the Hague peace organizations, proved that he was still loud for peace *after* the drums were heard.

New Rochelle, N. Y., May 8 LEON M. SOLIS-COHEN

STUDENT WORKER CONTEST
First prize $100 Second prize $50 Third prize $25
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Books and Plays

School-Teacher

By S. BERT COOKSLEY

They did not see her walking slowly down
A road the mists confused, a road the gray
Breasted sparrow, the rabbit, and the brown
Eyed fox knew well. . . . They did not see her stay
Wide lonely hours where the cat-tails drew their slim
Leaves windward, and where the bewildered sky
Of autumn stood; where the blind and the grim
Owl soberly mates, where the small things die

Quietly beneath a leaf and where the great
Die proudly bellowing. . . . They did not care
For her small eyes, her thin breast or the straight
Cut of her dark blue dresses; but one day where
The ferns slept, where the moon was spread thickly,
The earth called and she answered him quickly.

First Glance

"RICHARD KANE Looks at Life," by Irwin Edman (Houghton Mifflin: $2.50), might very well have been called "Richard Kane Tries Ideas" or "Richard Kane Looks at Philosophy." For the turning-point in the career of Mr. Edman's hero was the moment when as an undergraduate he "heard it remarked that philosophy was good because it was good for nothing," and suddenly understood that this was not a paradox. Thereafter his lot, at least until Mr. Edman takes leave of him at twenty-eight in the tenth of these essays, was to be cast among certain things of the spirit which would not leave him alone. He went to Europe; he came home and settled down in a publishing firm; he made new friends and talked with them about morals, newspapers, education, politics, and art; he married; he had children. But always he hankered after something which, even though it had "unprepared him for life," had upon his first acquaintance with it impressed him as being the most beautiful and desirable thing in a meaningless world. This was philosophy, and it is as an amateur philosopher—"neither technically accurate nor spiritually profound"—that Mr. Edman presents him. Under expert guidance, for Mr. Edman is not surpassed as an expositor, Richard canvasses the moods and the ideas most likely to be met with by an intellectual adventurer through our day. I have never read a more complete or a happier set of statements concerning the value of newspapers (to a philosopher) than that which Mr. Edman makes for Richard and his friends. I do not suppose that the following sentences could be improved upon: "You ironists take almost as much joy out of life as the puritans do. The puritans told me sex was bad because it was fleshly. You tell me love is bad because it is sex. One robs you of sex, which is the poetry of life; the other robs you of love, the poetry of sex." I am convinced that the book as a whole is one of the best introductions a young person could have to the universe of sensitive reflection.

Yet it is only an introduction, and the young person has an even chance, provided he is unaware how much above his callow hero Mr. Edman remains, of concluding that after all ideas are little more than pretty toys. Richard dotes on ideas, and whenever he is uncertain or unhappy returns and takes them out of the painted box where they repose; but the particular ideas which give him comfort are not, I suppose, important ones. They are too smooth for that, too easily recognizable as intellectual stuff. They are what one wants when one wants nothing else, they are what one can always quite decently admire. For Richard they are all included under the term Beauty—and there lies his weakness. As an undergraduate he had disliked "the irrelevant aesthetes" as heartily as he had disliked "the hard-shelled utilitarians," and he had asked whether it was not possible "to have in our age an idealism without foolishness and a practicality that was not all short-sightedness and vulgarity." He never arrives, however, at a position very far beyond that of the irrelevant aesthete, though he seems to think he does. Perceiving the world to be chaos, as it is and always was, he dreams of it as beauty or as something capable of containing beauty. But the opposite of beauty is not chaos. It is ugliness. Chaos is neither lovely nor unlovely, and it may be both. Certainly it is interesting. Richard's lack of stomach for it is the measure of his mind; his identification of order with beauty is the measure of his order.

MARK VAN DOREN

Teaching Life

Education and the Good Life. By Bertrand Russell. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

IT was inevitable that Mr. Russell, who writes and writes well on everything from the nature of the universe to the nature of the atom, should sooner or later write a book on education. Given Mr. Russell, this was certain to be a readable and stimulating book; but, even so, one was not quite prepared to find it as readable and stimulating as it actually is. In his social doctrines Mr. Russell has sometimes permitted his theories to run away with the facts, and in his popular expositions of abstruse scientific speculations he has sometimes yielded to the temptation to mystify rather than enlighten, but in "Education and the Good Life" there is no trace of either fanaticism or over-technicality. Mr. Russell's style has been emotionally chastened since the days of "The Free Man's Worship"; it has been intellectually chastened, one might say, since the time of "Our Knowledge of the External World." In his present work, written primarily "for parents," that is, for the great majority of the human race, he has brought in no presuppositions not readily acceptable to any man of average intelligence. In fact, Mr. Russell's arguments rest so thoroughly on common sense, are presented so simply, and are, in general, so convincing that it is difficult to realize that the book was written by a philosopher.

Mr. Russell begins, very logically, by a discussion of the aims of education. National greatness he finds to be the controlling aim in most modern states. This is to put the cart before the horse; the good state depends upon the good individual; the nation exists for the sake of the conscious individuals who compose it, not the individuals for the sake of that unconscious entity, the nation. While the United States has not in this respect sinned more than Germany or Japan, it is worth while to quote Mr. Russell's words in regard to us:

> In so far as the school can rely upon the genuine merits of America, there is no need to associate the teaching of American patriotism with the inculcation of false standards. But where the Old World is superior to the New, it becomes necessary to instil a contempt for genuine

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> excellences. The intellectual level in Western Europe and the artistic level in Eastern Europe are, on the whole, higher than in America. Throughout Western Europe, except in Spain and Portugal, there is less theological superstition than in America. In almost all European countries the individual is less subject to herd domination than in America; his inner freedom is greater even where his political freedom is less. In these respects, the American public schools do harm. The harm is essential to the teaching of an exclusive American patriotism. The harm, as with the Japanese and the Jesuits, comes from regarding the pupils as means to an end, not as ends in themselves. The teacher should love his children better than his state or his church; otherwise he is not an ideal teacher.

How now are we to get the good individual on whom the real worth of the state depends? Certainly not by the mere inculcation of moral precepts. Virtue, as Aristotle pointed out, is a habit, and character a stable complex of habits. Mr. Russell apparently would agree with the growing consensus of opinion that our education is even more defective in character-building than in intellect-building. Accordingly he devotes the major portion of his volume to the former. In harmony with modern psychology, he regards infancy and early childhood as the fundamental period which shapes the whole life. "By the time the child is six years old," he writes, "moral education ought to be complete." That is, it ought to be complete at a time when it is now not even intelligently begun. Beginning then where education ought to begin, with birth, Mr. Russell accompanies the child through the first essential six years, and then out of sheer kindness stays on with him through adolescence and into the university. The notorious Œdipus complex and the Freudian sex symbolism Mr. Russell kicks out of doors with undisguised contempt. But where Freudians regard the infant as over-sexed, Mr. Russell more sensibly regards the parents as likely to be so, and cautions the mother especially against mingling unconscious sex gratification with her parental duties to the detriment of the latter.

If, he assures us, we are willing to "treat even the youngest baby with respect," and to take the child's instincts rather than our own as our working basis, we may hope to guide him without insuperable difficulty into the formation of good habits. He shows how it is possible to check the childish fears which often turn a potential hero into a mature coward, emphasizes training in constructiveness, agrees with other philosophers in regarding truthfulness in thought as more important than truthfulness in speech ("I prefer a person who lies with full consciousness of what he is doing to a person who first subconsciously deceives himself and then imagines that he is being virtuous and truthful"), points out how punishment may and should be minimized, writes sanely of sex education, and makes a stirring plea, more needed in America even than in England, for the nursery school. But perhaps the most far-reaching of all his conclusions is that with regard to play, where he argues for emphasis upon contests with nature rather than upon contests with other human beings. For the much-touted "spirit of cooperation" taught by athletics he has scant respect, since it is always cooperation in the service of competition. Furthermore

> the cult of athletics involves an under-estimation of intelligence. Great Britain is losing her industrial position, and will perhaps lose her empire, through stupidity, and through the fact that the authorities do not value or promote intelligence. All this is connected with the fanatical belief in the paramount importance of games.

Bad as the situation is, however, in this particular, Mr. Russell remains on the whole much of an optimist. There is a kind of virtuous circle in his thinking. Education is for the sake of the good life; the good life consists in love guided by knowledge. One becomes educated in order to educate. Mr. Russell has solved the problem of perpetual motion.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

Ring Lardner as Satirist

The Love Nest and Other Stories. By Ring Lardner. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

A COURT FOOL goes right up and tweaks the king's nose, and all the nobles sit back roaring and shout that it doesn't mean a thing. A bonded philistine like W. S. Gilbert displays a savage fury about philistines in "The Mikado," and all the philistines in the audience have the time of their lives. A clown like Ring Lardner writes stories about the gray dulness and the imbecile vanities of American life, and all good Americans go into explosions of robustious laughter. It is easy enough to understand why "Gulliver's Travels" is a favored book for children.

At bottom it doesn't matter in the least whether the artist has any too self-conscious knowledge of his purpose. Indeed if he knows too well what he is up to in his irony, he is likely to lose just so much in his art—like Bernard Shaw, who has always been able to explain his intentions and has not always been able to create men and women who speak out from their own souls. There is no way of discovering whether Mr. Lardner makes up his mind to show the tedious lives and the intolerable arrogance and the fatuous ignorances of the characters who appear in his, Oh! so humorous books. For all we know he may think it all a joke. Gilbert was a stern Tory and Lewis Carroll (unlike his characters) suffered little children to ask him silly questions. Yet one suspects that Mr. Lardner is not in the least cozened by his own humor and one certainly observes an increasing irony and bitterness in every new book clothed in all its deluding gauze of bad grammar and bad jokes and specious air of ingenuous persiflage.

The baseball player in "You Know Me Al" was a braggart and a fool and a liar of the worst sort. All good readers thought the book a perfect scream because baseball players are not supposed to represent our wholesome American life. Yet the American life appearing in "The Big Town" and "Gullible's Travels" hardly gives a scene of undiluted joy. The men and women are not thugs and swindlers and sadists. They do act from a groping kindliness and a desire to do the real right thing; but all of them go to Florida or New York for their holidays, play bridge, sleep at the opera, and indulge in that pastime known as kidding to cover up the hollow tedium of their days. As they go in a gray shuffle and a blatancy of bad jokes you are supposed to laugh and you do laugh; but once, as in "The Love Nest," you get used to the twisted grammar and the fun you stop laughing. The world revealed in Ring Lardner is certainly a tragedy to the man who thinks. It is just as funny as the American life which Mr. Lardner has examined with a more luminous intelligence than perhaps any other writer of these times. For all the sweet music of its vernacular (which is hardly the American language, but Mr. Lardner's own invention) it wears a heart packed with woe.

Once you get by an introduction by Sarah E. Spooldripper in "The Love Nest" you come upon stories more distinguished and enthralling than the tedious accumulations of our serious realistic novelists who take up three hundred pages to show you that they can be as dull as the life they interpret. The introduction by the fabulous Spooldripper is the funniest thing Lardner ever wrote: but the stories are not in the least funny. They are charming and beautiful, for all of them wear the magical garment of Lardner's prose now cleaned of all its impurities and shining like a web in the sun. In The Love Nest an actress dies of boredom in her marriage with a moving-picture producer. In Haircut (itself a little masterpiece) a barber tells the story of a village lout's cruelties and thinks it all the best sort of joke. In Zone of Quiet a man recovering from a serious operation must lie listening to the egregious confessions of a vain and silly hospital nurse. In A Day with Conrad Green a famous theatrical manager reveals

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himself as a tyrant and a seducer and a liar and a pompous fool. In Reunion two families see each other after many years and spend all their time in trying to escape each other's company. In Rhythm a composer of jazz steals all his best tunes from the classics and welters in egotism and sex.

Could anything more firmly and obviously establish Ring Lardner as a clown and a buffoon, a funny man with a hearty laugh and candy for the kiddies, a guy who slaps you on the back and asks about the missus, a big booming fellow who gets right up and makes a swell speech in bad grammar about our wholesome life and our American idealism?

DONALD DOUGLAS

The Bread Trust

Combination in the American Bread-Baking Industry. By Carl L. Alsberg. Stanford University Press.

THE Food Research Institute has done a commendable and unusual piece of work. While bread trusts and food trusts are still matters for newspaper headlines, still very much in the public eye, the institute has succeeded in securing the services of an extraordinarily competent scientist to write a brief but extraordinarily competent book on bread; and has actually published the book in the midst of the whole heated—but badly informed—discussion. Usually one has to wait about five years before the learned doctors unlumber their miscroscopes with an ex post facto inquest. And then, unfortunately, it is often too late.

Dr. Alsberg is too sound a man to attempt to solve the question or to tell us explicitly what action we ought to take. He contents himself with a very careful review of all the available facts about bread from the standpoint of combination—facts technical, financial, historical, economic, social. He looks at the subject from the point of view of the consumer, the independent baker, the baker in combination, the investor in combination securities, the bakery worker, and the general body politic. He uses the quantitative data of the past to plot curves into the future, and then proceeds to bend the curves by important qualifying considerations. In fine, when he gets through there is very little more to be said. The facts are before us, and as legislators, as editors, as investors, or as plain consumers all we have to do is make up our minds as to the wisest course to pursue in the light of these facts. Dr. Alsberg declines to make up our minds for us.

The book is packed with facts. Among those which seem to be particularly significant are the following. In 1901 about one-third of all urban bread consumed was baked outside the home. Today the bakery furnishes two-thirds. No such high ratio of bakery products obtains in rural districts, however. The art of bread-making is such that economies of large-scale manufacture are small as compared to those in the case of pig iron or oil refining. Bread depends on an organic fermentative process which is much more difficult to control than an inorganic process like steel-making. Relatively small batches of dough must be the rule accordingly. The only way to expand is by multiplying units, not by enlarging the unit process. Such expansion reduces overhead cost somewhat, but not as compellingly as in industries with a different technical basis. As the capital required to instal a single unit of maximum baking efficiency is relatively small, it follows that any great combination would always be threatened with competitors who could on short notice and with short supplies of credit come crashing into the market.

Again, bread must be sold within twelve hours after it comes from the ovens. Otherwise it is likely to be written off as stale. This fact limits the possibilities of centralized manufacture and distribution over wide areas. We cannot have bread towns the way we have steel towns or silk towns. Any bread trust to be effective must exert a local monopoly in every town by virtue of a separate operating unit in that town. With no sure means of strangling competition, the trust is going to have a time keeping the towns in line. In fact, it is absurd to suppose that they can be so kept. "The superintendent of a steel mill cannot very well resign in order to establish a mill of his own. It requires too much capital. A bakery superintendent can. It requires only a few thousand dollars."

Dr. Alsberg finds that the Ward interests are undoubtedly intent on building up a great baking combination. He does not doubt that such a combination may secure monopolies from time to time in local areas. But he profoundly doubts—and to my mind convincingly—whether, the industry being technically what it is, a bread trust can long hold a united front; and he doubts furthermore whether Mr. Ward and his friends know with any exactitude where they are going. Investors in their proposals may have, it is conceivable, some painful surprises. Furthermore the industry, with scattered farmers on one end and largely unorganizable retailers on the other, does not lend itself to the creation of a "vertical" trust.

In brief, with these facts—and many, many others—now spread on the record, I am not nearly so scared of a bread trust as I was. At the same time the movement now on foot may produce a wasteful and for a time, in certain localities, a very irritating phenomenon. It needs to be carefully watched and subjected to relentless publicity.

STUART CHASE

The New Society

Intellectual Vagabondage. By Floyd Dell. George H. Doran Company. $1.25.

THE spirit of revolt and the passion of poetic protest infuse this book with a beauty and an eloquence that are more reminiscent than real. The May Days of yesterday rather than of today and tomorrow afford its inspiration. The vagabondage is of a generation of youth that already has begun to age, already has begun the prosaic task of adjustment, marrying realities instead of dreams, forced to live life instead of change it.

The first portion of the book, called Literature and the Machine Age, is devoted to a radical interpretation of the literary trends of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries. It is scintillating, clever criticism, but unfortunately, in its flair for the delicate phrase and the poetic allusion, it skirts gracefully around its theme without ever coming into direct grip with it. Mr. Dell is really an essayist and not a critic. He polishes a thought so neatly that its most radical import would never excite or offend. A *Times* reviewer could read the book without once suspecting its revolutionary character. Basing his interpretations of literature upon the class struggle, tracing literary trends from their economic and social origins, Mr. Dell at least pursues a unique and illuminating method. His explanation of the fin de siecle era, with its Whistlerian nocturnes and its Wildean music, is exceedingly ingenious and original. His treatment of the literary effects of the French Revolution is competent and instructive. There are few passages, indeed, with whose substance one would wish to quarrel. It is only the vagueness which flows from its lyricism that detracts from the significance of its critical element.

In the second portion, entitled A Spiritual Autobiography of My Own Generation in Its Literary and Social Aspects, Mr. Dell describes the changes in emotional attitude which his generation has experienced, its pessimisms and optimisms, its detachments and attachments, its deviations and devotions. In these changes as they are described for us we discover the origin of the new morality of our age, as well as the promise of a new art and a new society.

V. F. CALVERTON

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Too Fast

Odtaa. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

NO story can succeed unless the reader, while he reads, is persuaded of its truth. Now, Mr. Masefield in "Odtaa"—so like "Sard Harker"—does not convince us in the least that young Hi endured the awful experiences which are supposed to have happened to him during a six days' stay in the American State of Santa Barbara. One goes from thrill to thrill, but one is never so lost in the tale as to forget the wonderful descriptions with which the author fills out his romance.

Yet what an imagination plays upon this story of revolution in the eighties! Passage follows passage, each vivid as the flash of a knife, never a word too much, with masterly little vitriolic impressions of the more unpleasant characters. But Mr. Masefield is too headlong. The body seems to be there in perfection, but no skeleton is beneath; his beautiful startling building is held together by no framework.

These pell-mell adventures of young Hi are quite unreal because Mr. Masefield prepares no background for them. He does not support them with the weighty value of a fine reserve. His whirlwind of excitement is as empty as young Hi's fulfilment of his promise to inform Don Manuel that his lover, the beautiful Carlotta, was imprisoned by the Red Government of Santa Barbara. This is not the way great adventure tales are written. Let Mr. Masefield study Defoe or Scott and learn to reject half of the incidents which flood his mind. Story-telling demands solid mortar between the gay bricks, even though it be dull business mixing it. "Odtaa" would have been better had the first and last chapters which give the history been welded into the tale as it progressed. They would have been a break on the poet's rushing pen. For it is a pity that such descriptions as these should lose their power and squander their wealth through hastiness.

LIONEL G. SHORT

Books in Brief

New Zealand. By William Pember Reeves. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

State Experiments in Australia and New Zealand. By William Pember Reeves. E. P. Dutton and Company. Two volumes. $8.

When the original edition of "New Zealand" appeared twenty-seven years ago under the title "The Long White Cloud" it was generally welcomed as the most adequate and readable book on the history, geography, and politics of the country up to that time. Eventually it grew somewhat out of date, but the new edition, revised by the author and containing additional material by Cecil J. Wray, reinstates the book in its former enviable position. Not so much can be said of "State Experiments in Australia and New Zealand." As originally published in 1902 it contained valuable and authoritative information, but of a sort much more ephemeral and subject to change than that in "The Long White Cloud." Yet this material has now been reissued without a change and—what is worse—without an indication to the book buyer that it is twenty-four years behind the times. The performance is not a creditable one on the part of a reputable publishing house.

Ships of the Seven Seas. By Hawthorne Daniel. Doubleday, Page and Company. $4.

A Gipsy of the Horn. By Rex Clements. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

My Ditty Bag. By Charles W. Brown. Small, Maynard and Company. $2.

There is always room for an up-to-date book on ships, and Mr. Daniel has given us one tracing man's conquest of the water from Noah's Ark to Beebe's Arcturus. The story of the development from the dugout and the canoe to the motor-boat and the rotor-ship is told adequately and simply, and should appeal especially to boys. The book by Mr. Clements is an Englishman's narrative of a voyage around the world in a windjammer twenty years ago. As a record of actual experience it is worth a place on the bookshelves of sea worshipers, though it never catches the reader with a tight grip. Incidentally, Mr. Clements is wrong in attributing the record-holding Deutschland to the North German Lloyd instead of to the Hamburg-American Line, and some of his statements in regard to clipper ships do not tally with the facts set down by sea historians. Mr. Brown is a retired New England skipper who has written some tame reminiscences of a probably much more exciting career.

The Present Economic Revolution in the United States. By Thomas Nixon Carver. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

Most economists, when they permit themselves to suggest some novel explanation of events or some unusual prediction concerning the future, bring forward their arguments rather tentatively and humbly, asking for light, if any can be found, from their colleagues. Professor Carver has always pursued a different method, one which is well illustrated in his latest book. It consists generally in striking a firm attitude and beginning the argument by calling in question the sanity of any possible doubter. His fellow-economists have grown so used to his method by now that they scarcely take him seriously, much less allow him to frighten them into agreement. In an age of statistical measurement and concentrated effort toward the understanding of the complex events included in the industrial process, Professor Carver deduces a complete economic revolution in the United States from three exceedingly simple and well-known pieces of evidence. These are the acquiring of corporate shares by workers, the growth of labor banking, and an increased volume of savings deposits in banks. All these phenomena are incontrovertible enough, but no competent person who has reviewed the evidence of their extent believes that they indicate anything immediately revolutionary in American business, unless, indeed, there should also be a concomitant shifting of many other forces, such as property ownership, competitive organization, and profiteering—which Professor Carver vigorously maintains must never change. Those who like the Carver attitude will enjoy his book.

Man: His Making and Unmaking. By E. Boyd Barrett. Thomas Seltzer. $2.50.

This book will be most appreciated by the man in the street, for whose consumption it was published, and it will likely result in the birth of a brand-new batch of parlor psychologists. Man's making, we are informed, is dependent upon three selves: "the inherited self," "the environmental self," and "the creative self." For man's unmaking and reconstruction Mr. Barrett recommends everything in the line of therapy from training of the free will and prayer to hypnotism and psychoanalysis, though he forsakes deterministic methods in the latter part of the book for those more en rapport with Jesuitical conceptions. Sublimation of the distorted libido is compared to Grace and the Operation of the Indwelling Spirit of God. Business psychologists and parochial professors should find much to their liking in this latest of new psychologies.

The New Theater and Cinema of Soviet Russia. By Huntly Carter. International Publishers. $6.

An interesting and profusely illustrated account of the contemporary theater in Russia with especial emphasis upon the more radical and extreme experiments. Though highly informing, it is written from the standpoint of a passionate doctrinaire whose judgments will be taken with a grain of salt by those who do not share his contempt for all the literature created under "bourgeois" or "intellectual" influence.

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Drama

Molnar and Werfel at Home

FERENC MOLNAR'S career, to many who follow his literary activities closely, shows a definite and, to the grief of his admirers, deplorable downward trend. Among the seven full-length plays he has concocted during the past decade there are but two—"The Swan" and the uneven but beautiful "Heavenly and Earthly Love"—which may be termed, even by a rather benevolent judge, worthy of the witty and clever author of "The Guardsman," "The Devil," and "The Wolf," and of the poet whose "Liliom" deserves a place on the shelf for posterity. For the past three years the tide of his talent has been constantly on the ebb, and if one considers his last three plays, the spectacular but utterly repetitious "Red Mill," the perverse "Glass Slipper," and the tedious "Riviera," one fears there will be no more high tide for Molnar.

His meteoric rise to fame was due, to a very great extent, to the ingenious basic ideas and novel situations in his plays. As the years wore on, however, the well of these ideas was drained, and he resorted to one or two utterly conventional plots. Later, in order to live up to his reputation, he began a frantic search for fantastic and uncommon themes. More often than not his hunt was rewarded. But the plots invented were so thin, artificial, and factitious that not even his great technical skill could work them into plays or lend them the grace and lightness so necessary to such subjects and so characteristic of his previous works. The latest sample is "Riviera." The idea is admirably suited to a Grand Guignol sketch or a revue skit, but for a play it is insufficient. A jealous lover shoots at the wax-image of his rival and thus murders him in effigy. This is the "idea." The plot is "Fashions for Men" brought up to date. The only difference between the two plays is the difference between a 1916 and a 1926 shopgirl. Ten years ago even a sophisticated playwright had to make the concession of rescuing a poor little innocent girl from the hands of a millionaire and giving her, instead of riches, limousines, and the Riviera, a poor but loving husband. Today even a notoriously sentimental play-manufacturer would be stoned for such an outrageous act of perfidy. So the poor and jealous lover is forgiven for the attempted "murder" and appointed head of a department, while she, the little creature, departs with the millionaire owner of the department store to the Riviera.

While the Hungarian playwright apparently approaches the end of his career, another man from the shore of the Danube, the Austrian Franz Werfel, rapidly rises. His latest drama, "Juarez and Maximilian," has earned for him this year's Grillparzer Prize, Austria's equivalent to our Pulitzer Prize. It is a popular triumph in Berlin, where Max Reinhardt has produced it. "Juarez and Maximilian" gives in thirteen crisp, poignant, and intensely dramatic scenes Maximilian's ill-fated Mexican adventure from the time the People's President, pursued by Marshal Bazaine's troops, withdrew to the United States border until the day he victoriously entered Queretaro, where the executed Maximilian's body lay in state.

The drama is written by Werfel the revolutionary, but not by the Werfel who cries out fiercely and ecstatically in "Goat Song" and "Schweiger." The man of thirty-five has grown calmer. His revolutionism, unlike Ernst Toller's or Maxim Gorki's or Henri Barbusse's, was always that of an observer. While Toller and Gorki fought on the barricades Werfel only commented on the fight, or inspired those who were in it. One may compare him here with Anatole France; though France was a satirist and Werfel is a writer of tragedy. His present philosophy is most clearly expressed in those words which Maximilian utters in his death cell before he goes to face the Mexican firing-squad: "Not to be equal to one's deeds is criminal. The will to be good is not yet being good"; and in the sentence spoken by Juarez's first general, Diaz: "Not because of monarchs, but because of monarchists, must monarchies be abolished."

Maximilian, however, curious as it may seem, is the idealist of the tragedy. He has faith in man; he cannot believe himself to be merely a tool in the hands of French and Mexican capitalists; he has confidence in his mission. Opposed to him is Juarez, the representative of cool reason and of calculation, a man without emotion, a man "not good but wise." Werfel's superb technique is shown in his handling of the conflict between Maximilian and Juarez, which is ever present although the latter never appears on the stage. Nor is his physical appearance described until the very last scene. Then the audience is told by a faithful friend of Maximilian who has witnessed the President's triumphant entrance to Queretaro that he is, unlike the handsome Maximilian, little, old, and wrinkled. He is the personification of revolution, which will be not good but wise. Like "Goat Song," which, although symbolic of the poet's faith in the ultimate victory of the masses, is the drama of the capitalists, "Juarez and Maximilian," although in it Werfel pronounces revolution's triumph, is in reality the tragedy of Maximilian. Only a very great writer can present a cause through the person of its opponent. This Werfel does fully and superbly. "Juarez and Maximilian" has few peers in the contemporary theater.

GEORGE HALASZ

"The Garrick Gaieties" (Garrick Theater) was the only event of an otherwise blank week in the New York theater. "You can't be as good as last year," croaked the opening chorus, upon which the memory of the triumphant run of the first edition of this review weighed heavily; but in spite of ominous fears this year's production is bright, lively, and refreshing. The text is not particularly hilarious nor the music very distinguished, but several of the performers—notably Philip Loeb, Edith Meiser, and Romney Brent—have very genuine comic talents combined with an intelligence which raises their performances to a level a little above that of the standard funny men and women of the strictly professional stage. The tennis skit is particularly delightful and the performance as a whole furnishes a very agreeable evening indeed. "The Sport of Kings" (Plymouth Theater) is a conventional racing farce by no means good enough for O. P. Heggie, who plays the lead. "Kitty's Kisses" (Playhouse) is a standardized musical comedy which is being well received for the very reason that it contains no surprises.

J. W. K.

THEATER

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International Relations Section

The Kaiser's Happy Day

THE Treaty of Bjoerko was signed in 1905. The Czar was in trouble through the fiasco of the Russo-Japanese War; England was friendly to Japan, its ally; France was not bound by treaty to help its ally Russia in this affair. The German Kaiser was cruising in Northern waters and suddenly announced his intention "to call." He came with the idea of taking advantage of the Czar's troubles and securing the Czar's signature to a Russo-German treaty. Half a year previous the project had been discussed and a treaty draft had been drawn up and rejected by Russia. This draft was wired to the Kaiser from the Foreign Office. The treaty was signed at Bjoerko. The following is the Kaiser's report to the Foreign Office as found in the recent German publication, "Die Grosse Politik" (vol. 19. II. No. 6220)—certainly one of the most astounding documents that have seen the light since the peace. The conversations quoted in the text were written in English.

And now that it is done, one is surprised and says: How is such a thing possible? The answer is very clear to me! God has ordered and willed it thus; in despite of all human wit, in scorn of all human intrigues, He has brought together what belonged together! Well, His ways are other than our ways and His thoughts higher than ours! What Russia refused through pride last winter, and what she tried to turn against us through love of intrigue, that she has now accepted as a gracious gift, after the terrible, hard, humiliating hand of the Lord has brought her low. I have thought so much the last days that my head is growling in order that I may be certain to do this right, always to keep in mind the interests of my country, and no less the monarchical idea in general. Finally I raised my hands to the Lord above us all and committed all to Him, and I prayed that He would lead and guide me as He wished; I was but a simple tool in His hands, and I would do whatever He would inspire me to do, no matter how difficult the task. And finally I also uttered the wish of the Old Dessauer at Kesselsdorf, that if He did not wish to help me, He should at least not help the other party. Now I felt myself wonderfully strengthened and the will and purpose grew firmer and more determined within me: "You will put it through no matter what the cost!" So I waited the interview with great confidence.

And what did I find? A warm, amiable, enthusiastic reception, such as one receives only from a friend who loves one heartily and sincerely. The Czar threw his arms around me and pressed me to him as though I were his own brother and he looked at me again and again with eyes that revealed his gratitude and joy.

The next morning I opened my book of pious mottoes and I found the following text: "Everyone shall receive his reward according to his work." Full of hope I entered the boat, which brought me to the yacht of the Czar, the treaty in my pocket.

[The Czar complained about France and England and asked: "What shall I do in this disagreeable situation?"]

Now I felt the moment was come. . . . "How would it be, if we, too, should make such a 'little agreement'?" Last winter we talked about it. . . ." "O yes, to be sure, I remember well, but I forget the contents of it. What a pity I haven't got it here." "I possess a copy which is just accidentally in my pocket now." The Czar took me by the arm and he drew me out of the saloon into his father's cabin and immediately locked all doors. "Show it to me, please." At that his dreamy eyes shone brilliantly. I took the envelope out of my pocket and unfolded the treaty on the writing table of Alexander III. . . . He read once, twice, three times the text you already know. I prayed a short, fervent prayer to the dear God that now He might stand by us and guide the young ruler. It was silent as death; only the sea murmured and the sun shone clear and happy in the comfortable cabin and immediately before me lay brilliantly white my yacht, the Hohenzollern, and high in the air the Kaiser's flag was streaming in the morning breeze. I was just reading the words on the black cross of that flag: "Gott mit uns," when the voice of the Czar next to me said: "That is quite excellent. I quite agree."

My heart beats so loud that I hear it; I pull myself together and say carelessly: "Should you like to sign it? It would be a very nice souvenir of our interview." He scanned the paper again and then he said: "Yes, I will." I opened the ink-well and reached him the pen and he wrote with a firm hand "Nicolas," then he handed the pen to me and I signed. When I arose he clasped me into his arms deeply moved and said: "I thank God and I thank you; it will be of the most beneficial consequences for my country and yours; you are Russia's only real friend in the whole world. I have felt that through the whole war and I know it." The clear water of joy stood in my eyes—to be sure it also ran down my forehead and my back—and I thought Frederick William III and Queen Luise, Grandpapa and Nicholas I were close at that moment; undoubtedly they looked from above and all were surely full of joy!

The Manifesto of Francis Ferdinand

THIS document, written though it is in vague language, settles the vexed question of the real plans of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand in regard to various national and racial problems of Austria-Hungary. It is rather ironic that the friend of the suppressed nationalities should find his death at the hand of a member of one of these. This document also explains why the heir to the throne was bitterly hated by Hungarians and the military Austrians, a hatred which created the rumor that his own people had shot him at Serajevo and which almost brought him the burial of a dog. The document, a draft manifesto which the Archduke proposed to make upon his accession to the throne, was recently unearthed from the archives of the Austrian Foreign Office. It was printed in the Berlin *Tageblatt* for March 31.

Since it has pleased Almighty God to call out of this life after a long and richly blessed reign, My exalted Uncle, His Majesty Our Most Gracious Lord, Emperor and King Francis Joseph I, We, Francis II by the grace of God and according to Law of Succession laid down for all time in the Pragmatic Sanction of Our illustrious ancestor, Emperor Charles VI, are called as heir to the throne in all kingdoms and lands united under the scepter of our house.

We hereby solemnly announce to all people of the Monarchy Our accession to the crown.

Moved by deep sorrow We stand with the peoples of the Empire at the bier of the deceased Emperor and King, remembering with thankful heart his fatherly love, his high-mindedness, his devotion to duty and his restless labor, his kindness and generosity.

His exalted example shall shine also before Us in carrying out Our duties as a ruler. Our entire life and all Our strength is henceforth dedicated to the happiness and well-being of Our peoples.

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To all peoples of the Monarchy, to all ranks, and to everybody that does his duty in the work of the nation, no matter what his race or creed, We return equal love. In high station, or low, poor or rich, all shall be equal before Our throne.

The established constitutional arrangements and the judicial system of the state, in which every citizen has equal rights according to the laws, We will honor and protect with a strong hand. For the well-being and prosperity of all peoples in all parts of the Monarchy, We deem it Our first duty to bring about a concentration into a great unit and harmonious cooperation according to just principles on a clear, dependable basis which—untroubled by Our own endeavors—stands exalted over doubt and attacks. In the Constitution of the Reich all contradictions must be removed which exist in the laws of Austria and those of Hungary in regard to the common affairs of the Monarchy, and which make the giving of the prescribed oath on the Constitution impossible through the incompatibility of these laws. As pledge of Our most sacred duties as ruler, We will thereupon confirm by solemn oath of coronation the unambiguous provisions of the Constitution together with the fundamental rights and privileges of all that appertain to the Monarchy. In order to create the possibility for this, Our Governments will inaugurate without delay the necessary measures.

The unity of the Reich toward the outside world, on which its position as a Great Power is built, and the possession of the lands, indivisible and inseparable, united under Our scepter through the Pragmatic Sanction, We will preserve with firmness.

We will be inflexible in Our care that the solid structure of armed power remain untouched by one-sided political currents. In Our faithful army we see the protection and the certain guaranty not only for the preservation and safety of the welfare within, but also for the fulfilment of our sincere desire for the continuation of the policy of peace of Our illustrious Uncle, now resting in God.

In this sense We will hold fast to the established alliance with other states, remain on a friendly footing with all foreign Powers, and as far as in Us lies and the honor and existence of the Fatherland is not attacked, will work for the continuance of peace in order that the peoples of the Monarchy may devote themselves undisturbed to the cultural and economic tasks which shall always find in Us a warm patron.

Justice and Law We will bring to honor in Our government, protect every honest labor, promote every undertaking for the general good. In this We will demand of all organs of government, of all officials and servants of the state the firm, iron, and intelligent fulfilment of duty as well as a devotion for the common good and welfare of the Fatherland entirely uninfluenced by party considerations or interests of rank.

Since all peoples belonging to Our scepter shall have equal rights in regard to participation in the common affairs of the Monarchy, this equality of rights demands that to every race be guaranteed its national development within the frame of the common interests of the Monarchy, and that to all races, ranks, and classes the preservation of their just interests be made possible through just laws of suffrage—wherever this has not yet been carried through.

The peoples of the Danube Monarchy are bound together by a thousand ties of historic development and common culture and civilization, as well as by common interests. They must unite in brotherly love, put aside all differences, emphasize their common points, and only compete in the noble struggle for cultural and economic progress. Confidently we call upon all who have the welfare of our Fatherland, so richly blessed by God, at heart, to unite their labor with ours. Only through harmonious cooperation of all our peoples will the well-being of each separate race be assured and furthered.

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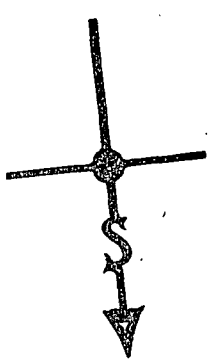

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tinue this among our peoples shall be a matter of conscience with us.

Therefore we confidently beseech the help of God, that His blessing may be on the fulfilment of our duties as ruler as well as on the work of every one of our beloved subjects, that the Almighty may enlighten and strengthen us, that We may lead our peoples to prosperity, happiness, and peace.

God grant it!

Contributors to This Issue

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There will be two sessions each morning and one each evening, the afternoon being left free for recreation. At the first session of each week a serious effort will be made to discover the real perplexities and concerns of the group assembled, on which the discussion will then be focussed. It is planned to have from ten to twelve outstanding leaders present each week to share with the group their special knowledge and experience and speak on the points under discussion. Twenty-five to thirty leaders will be present during the month.

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The conference is open to all who care to come. Registrants are strongly urged to remain throughout the month, as the program is cumulative. Transient attendance, that is for less than six days, is discouraged. Wherever possible, registrants should plan to arrive on Sunday or Monday, since the discussion of a new theme begins on Monday. Registratons should be sent in by July 15th, if possible.

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